

No.25

MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY.

MAY, 1885.

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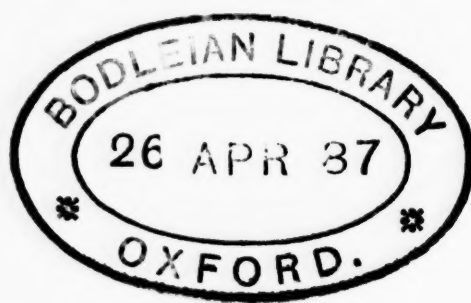
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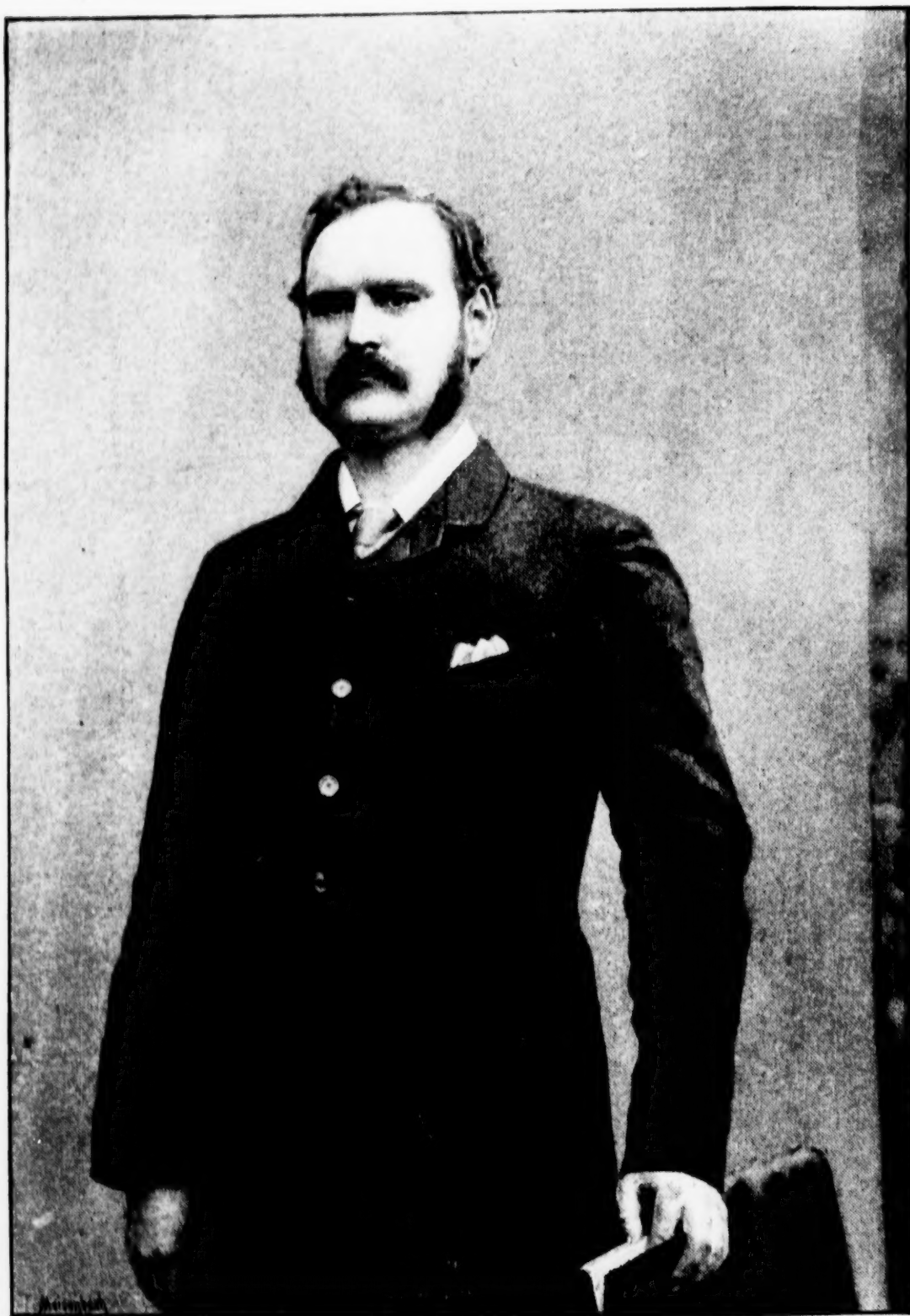


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MR. WILFRID WARD.

MERRY ENGLAND

MAY, 1885.

Forty Years' Controversy.

“MEETINGS connected with the Tractarian Movement were unusually numerous this month.” So wrote a contemporary chronicler, just forty years ago. The dioceses of Oxford and Exeter were especially in a state of ferment, for there the Bishops had issued condoning Pastorals which, by showing some favour to the new and burning doctrines, were supposed to add fuel to the fires of the opposition. The surplice in the pulpit was then so strange a spectacle that when it was worn by the Rev. Francis Courtney, a mob disturbed the services in St. Sidwell's Church at Exeter; and an appeal was made to the Bishop who, however, gave a decision not exactly decisive. “I advise you not to persist in wearing the surplice in the pulpit unless conscientiously you have satisfied yourself that your engagements to the Church require you to wear it.” Exeter Evangelicalism found more distinct expression on the platform of the Exeter Guildhall—which might for the nonce have been Exeter Hall itself—than it did from the mouth of its Bishop; for a public meeting of citizens condemned “passive resistance” to the revival of the doctrines of Rome, and declared that “Protestant principles are the foundation of British glory.” What was going on in the West, was going on also in the North and the South and the East. London was familiar with the

clash of weapons wielded in the new controversy, and Oxford became a chosen fighting field for the combatants.

What was the hubbub all about? The Oxford Movement had been in progress for a dozen years, and people had begun to hear of it without hysterics. The year of Mr. Newman's secession had come, it is true, but that momentous event was still six months ahead. He had left the University pulpit, and had gone to live at Littlemore, studiously hiding himself away from the publicity which by a sort of paradox of nature always pursued him. When he chose a quiet place of retreat, it was at once called the "monastery," and thus became an object of sensational curiosity. The Warden of Wadham of those days, B. P. Symons, a flourishing evangelical, who poked his nose into everything, knocked one day at the door. It was opened by Newman himself. Symons asked if he might see the monastery. "We have no monasteries here," was the answer, and the door was slammed in his face.

But that was not likely to put a stop to the intrusion. Yet of the pious little band who were with him, none was at that moment making his voice heard in the streets. Robert Coffin, who died the very grave Bishop of Southwark only the other day, was then, if we may accept Mark Pattison's rather doubtful word for it, so full of fun as to be taken seriously only with difficulty. Dalgairus and St. John were with the leader whom they retained in after years when all three had assumed the habit of St. Philip. Lockhart had already gone on in advance, but was now in the calm and quietude naturally following on a storm. True, in Oxford itself Dr. Pusey was proclaiming his right to sign the Articles, not in the sense of those who framed them, but in "their literal grammatical sense, determined, where it is ambiguous, by the faith of the whole Church, before East and West were divided." It was not any words of Pusey's, however, but the words of one of his lieutenants which were ringing in the ears of all the earnest combatants in both camps ;

and Convocation itself was now invoked to pass judgment on the opinions of William George Ward.

Those opinions had found full expression in "The Ideal of a Christian Church." The scope of that volume may be guessed from the title—a title which gave the name of "Ideal" Ward to the writer. The tables of Oxford men had long been familiar with "Tracts for the Times," and here was nothing less than a Book for the Times. If the author had not at that period seen in the Church of Rome the realization of his ideal, he certainly did not hesitate to show that his dreams had led him far away from the actualities of the system in which he had been reared. Mr. Ward had long been a contributor to the periodical literature of his school. Mr. T. Mozley in his graphic "Reminiscences" tells us, concerning his editorship of the *British Critic*, that his first troubles were with Oakeley and Ward.

"I will not say that I hesitated much as to the truth of what they wrote; for in that matter I was inclined to go very far, at least in the way of toleration. Yet it appeared to me quite impossible either that any great number of English Churchmen would ever go so far, or that persons possessing authority in the Church would fail to protest, not to say more. The cases of the two writers were very different, Oakeley was out of my reach altogether in Liturgies and Ritual. I could only put my finger on a salient point of his articles here and there. This I did, and he submitted, evidently intending, however, to persevere and come round me in the end. It was otherwise with Ward. I did but touch a filament or two in one of his monstrous cobwebs, and off ran he instantly to Newman to complain of my gratuitous impertinence. The practical difficulties which Ward threw in the way of revision were great. His handwriting was minute and detestable. It defied correction. The manuscript consisted of bundles of irregular scraps of paper, which I had to despatch to the printer crying out for copy. My own feelings about Ward's articles were that they were within comprehension and mastery; and that if I made

the required effort, I should probably go very far with them, but that I should find myself thereby embarked in an adventure beyond my control ; in a word, that the terminus of the articles was outside the Church of England."

This last intuition at any rate was justified by events. In other respects, the future did not bear out the past, as interpreted by the writer of the "Reminiscences." Fancy Mr. Ward in later years running to Edgbaston for help or for sympathy whenever he was led astray or stung ! In the matter of handwriting it is to be feared that Mr. Ward was impenitent to the



*He thinks that the whom is directly
attached to the text with his position with
my serious grief
remain with much perfect
sincerely
Ward*

THE LATE DR. WARD.

"Ward's writing is like walking-sticks gone mad."—LORD TENNYSON.

end ; and he and Dean Stanley may be asserted to have called forth more expletives from printers than any other six authors—so long as one of the six was not Mr. Oxenham. And, in fact, not only printers are apt to have their calm judgment a little warped by the difficulties of a manuscript ; but editors themselves are not altogether without prepossessions and prejudices based on no more substantial foundations. If Mr. Ward had written copper-plate, who knows what a different estimate the editor of the *British Critic* might have had of his whole personality ? A more recent mention of his old contributor suggests that time had already begun to soften the recollections

of editorial agonies over sentences impossible to decipher. Writing this very year of a visit he paid to Powderham only four years ago, when the late Archbishop Tait was staying there, Mr. Mozley says: "One evening Lady Anne planted me on a sofa near the Primate, who at once began on Oxford acquaintances and Oxford doings. Of everybody and everything he spoke with a bright and tender kindness. His gentle and admiring allusions to Ward made me feel a little ashamed of the budget of grievances my soul still harbours with that gentleman."

But Ward did not need to go into print to make public his opinions. A brilliant and an irrepressible talker, he quickly enough made known the thoughts which stirred within him. When Mr. Mozley wrote to tell Cardinal Newman that he was going to publish the "Reminiscences," and that the Cardinal's name was naturally a constantly recurring one, his Eminence wrote back to his brother-in-law to express a hope that nothing would creep into the volume to wound the feelings of any one, or to stir—what he above all things dreaded—controversy. Now, what Cardinal Newman dreaded, Mr. Ward loved and preferred. He was in his element when he was in war-paint. A book may be as great an event as a battle, says a great authority; and Mr. Ward must have been very happy when he found that his book *was* a battle-field, and one of the most sanguinary that has ever been fought. We do not propose to place before the reader any full account of the volume; for a more competent pen must undertake that task. But a glance at the subsequent proceedings, of which we are now celebrating the fortieth anniversary, may be taken.

The volume had not long been out, when its author was summoned before the Vice-Chancellor's court for teaching therein that "the Articles were not directed against those who retained the old doctrines, so that they were willing to join in a protest against the shameful corruptions in existence, and

also to give up the Pope," and that "the Articles did not exclude the opinions which had existed in the Church for an indefinite period." Further steps were taken, and Convocation was called upon to condemn the book, and to deprive the writer of his degrees. Vice-Chancellor Symons moved that the passages quoted "are utterly inconsistent with the Articles, and with the declaration in respect of these Articles made and subscribed by Mr. Ward previously, and in order to his being admitted to the degrees of B.A. and M.A. respectively, and with the good faith of him the said Mr. Ward in respect of such declaration and subscription." Mr. Ward defended himself in an able speech, and Dr. Grant of New College proposed as an amendment: "That the passages now read are worthy of grave censure, but that the Convocation declines to express any opinion upon the good faith of the author, or to exercise the function of an ecclesiastical tribunal by pronouncing judgment on the nature or degree of his offence." George Anthony Denison characteristically entered his protest against the whole proceedings. On a division the Vice-Chancellor's proposition was affirmed by 777 votes against 386, giving a majority of 391 against Mr. Ward. The Proctors then took the votes on the second proposition for depriving Mr. Ward of his degrees. Thereupon Mr. Ward again addressed Convocation, reminding his hearers that persons who had even gone over to the Church of Rome had not been so deprived, whereas he was willing to serve in the Church of England, and was much attached to it. The motion, however, was put and carried by a majority of 569 to 511 votes. Mr. Ward handed in a Latin protest, and left the theatre amid the loud cheers of the undergraduates. Among the supporters of Mr. Ward was Mr. Gladstone, whose *non placet* was particularly distinct, even grim. On the occasion of that visit the future Premier "did not talk much," according to a contemporary who breakfasted with him at Hope's of Merton, where he stayed. "He is obviously

exceedingly disgusted at the state of things here, and looked gloomy after the results of the Convocation, which he thought, however, 'very fair for a mob.'” And this from the author of half a dozen Reform Bills!

Perhaps Mr. Ward never was happier in his life. It was the biggest battle he was ever called upon to fight, and he fought it well. He was not a man of many manœuvres or of delicate fencing. Whatever he said, he said bluntly, and without those niceties and indistinctnesses which were, in some measure, marks of the school to which he belonged. One of his supporters, Mr. J. B. Mozley (who must not be confounded for a moment with his already quoted and far abler brother, Mr. Thomas Mozley), tells us, all in his own temporizing way: “I really am astonished at the number and the kind of men who supported Ward after such avowals as he made. If he said once he said twenty times in the course of his speech, ‘I believe all the doctrines of the Roman Church,’ and 511 members of Convocation voted for him.” But it was precisely this very frankness of Ward’s which won him the sympathy of men widely differing from each other in all matters of controversy. Thus Moberley, now Bishop of Salisbury, wrote: “I know enough of the book to know it to be dangerous; but—the University must pardon me—I *know* Mr. Ward too; and I know him to be a man of the most thorough and upright integrity. I will not be a party to a sentence which goes out of its way to declare that he is not an honest man.” Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, approving of Mr. Ward’s condemnation, wrote: “It may be said that Mr. Ward does not teach, but only believes, the doctrines of Rome. But any one who knows the boldness and straightforwardness of his character will at once acknowledge that it is physically impossible for him to believe strongly any set of opinions, and not give utterance to them.” Stanley—from the Liberal stand-point—has spoken admirably of his

"transparent candour and unrivalled powers of argument;" and Keble wrote that he could not think of the success of the proposed condemnation, without a "deep sense of wrong and fear of retribution."

What part Mr. Ward afterwards took in the great controversy on the side of dogma, which he so openly espoused just forty years ago, is sufficiently familiar; it need not be recalled in more than a few words.

From 1863 till 1878 Mr. Ward edited the *Dublin Review*—the quarterly which Cardinal Wiseman started, but found so burdensome in the midst of his multiform duties, that he welcomed the advent of Mr. Ward, whose name was mentioned to him as that of a likely editor by Cardinal Manning. After his marriage with Miss Wingfield, daughter of a Prebendary of Worcester, the newly married pair had retired in comparative poverty to Old Hall Green, in Hertfordshire, where Mr. Ward held the chair of Dogmatic Theology for seven years, having the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on him by Pope Pius IX. On the death of his uncle, who became reconciled to his nephew's secession, he inherited a large property in the Isle of Wight; but accession of wealth did not in any degree abate the zeal with which he laboured in defence of the principles he had espoused. A born controversialist, as we have said, he by no means confined his polemics to the internecine divisions between Christians, but was one of the most accomplished defenders of revealed religion against the assaults of the doubter. In him Mill found an opponent for whom he had respect. Though he was reputed a pitiless logician, and though he was at times apt to "stretch principles till they were close upon snapping," yet in private life he was a genial and considerate friend. The day spent in philosophy was generally ended by an evening at the opera or the theatre, for which he had a passion. He was adjudged the most uncompromising of controversialists; yet the Cardinal

Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury almost met on his threshold when they came to visit him on his dying bed. Fortified by the sacraments of the Church he had loved and ever intended to serve, he would, in the intervals of pain, burst out with such ejaculations as "God knows that, with all my faults, I have had no stronger desire than that of loving Him and promoting His glory." "My God, I love Thee!" he would say; and his last words were, "I wish to go to my Saviour." And this he did on Thursday, July 6, 1882.

The mantle of Dr. Ward has fallen upon one of his sons. The controversy which began forty years ago has been continued since his father's death by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.* Whatever may be said of the present time as a time of serious thought and sincere inquiry, we cannot make the boast for it that it is an age of young believers. The impulse, heart and energy of youth are generally spent in speculation rather than put to use in the security of conviction. The many nations are full of Faith, but it is middle-aged Faith, Faith that has never lost the quiet tradition of a calmer generation, or that, having lapsed during the storm and stress of life, has been regained in the subsidence. Little therefore has been written on the side of dogmatic religion by young writers during the long and strong controversy of the present phases of spiritual activity; and those who care to follow those phases have probably missed this very quality of youth among the defenders of the creeds.

For this reason, among others, no doubt the appearance of a young orthodox controversialist was welcomed with particular

* Before these pages have been long in print, the marriage of Mr. Granville Ward, of Northwood, Dr. Ward's eldest son, with Miss Dormer, will have taken place. It is pleasant to remember that two great literary reputations, one in some sense the complement of the other, are brought together by the union of the son of the logician with the granddaughter of Mr. Kenelm Digby, the poetical author of "The Broadstone of Honour."

interest when "The Wish to Believe" (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) appeared. The author not only was young—he had the distinctive qualities of youth in abundance. What he had to say had above all things "actuality," and it proved him to have touch of the time. No one who had ever looked into the thoughts of the world or into his own thoughts had failed to ask of himself or of his fellows a question as to the state of the will or wish in face of religious Revelation. Perhaps the difficulty which is declared to attend definite Faiths in the days of science, and which is of course a difficulty of rejection quite as much as it is a difficulty of acceptance, has made that question as to will more important than it ever was before. The mind is met by inconceivable, if not unthinkable, things on either path of speculation, and turning back it is left alone with its own will—that will by which only can man either please or offend the Almighty, as a Father has told us. Mr. Wilfrid Ward was therefore intelligible to all his contemporaries when he treated this subject of the wish for Faith. His question was, too, within the immediate experience of all his readers, when, having, at least implicitly, set them to an examination of the state of their wishes, he inquired how far a wish may be father to a thought, and yet the impartial, vigilant, and severe critic of that thought. The aim of Mr. Wilfrid Ward is to convince his reader that these two relations of wish and thought are quite compatible and even necessary. I shall not be stirred to vital inquiry unless I have a wish to believe, for a wish to disbelieve is at once too negative for a force and too ignoble for an incentive. But the very possession of that wish will make me not less but more watchful and sceptical (to use the latter abused word in its right sense), more reluctant to be certain without good reason, more delicate in my apprehension of difficulties. I shall hesitate to be as sure as I long to be, until my inquiry shall indeed put me in full possession of the "evidence of things not seen, the substance of things

hoped for." The volume centres about this leading thought, for which it was written and which gives it life. It treats of other things akin, and is cast in the conversational form which forbids too much concentration and favours that quality or achievement rarely compassed by controversy—popularity.

In an article entitled "The Clothes of Religion," contributed to the *National Review*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has made a little light mockery of Mr. Frederick Harrison, who is not fond of light mockery, and who will soon, it is to be feared, begin to despair of humanity if poking fun is to be one of its favoured means of controversy. Even Mr. Harrison's capitals are not sacred in the eyes of Mr. Ward. When Mr. Harrison assures us that "the religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be reverence for Humanity, as supported by Nature," Mr. Ward is inclined to retort: "Prune down your capital letters at all events. Let us examine your statements on their own merits—as they are in themselves and without the clothing of enthusiasm. You have been ruthlessly undressing the Infinite Eternal Energy; you have knocked all assumed dignity out of the Unknowable; you have laughed at it because it has managed to get itself spelt with a capital U; in common fairness then, do the same by your own gods! Let us see calmly, and by careful and sober analysis, what humanity supported by nature comes to, in itself, and without unction or capitals; and how far it will be able to serve us as a religion." Mr. Ward goes further into the heart of the subject when he says:—

"In company with Mr. Spencer, Mr. Harrison has relentlessly pursued the path of negation, until they have arrived at the common conclusion that all that is known is phenomenal nature in its operation on mankind. Here, then, is the exhaustive division of all things—Phenomenal Nature and the Unknown. But at this point comes before us the truth of the saying, '*Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.*' All that need of something to reverence which George Eliot lays down as a primary demand of our nature, the satisfaction of

which is essential to happiness, comes in full force upon both. It matters not that their reason has decided that nothing exists to satisfy the need. A starving man has been known to endeavour to appease his hunger by eating a pair of boots, in default of any more attractive species of food ; and in like manner the Positivist and the Agnostic, finding in reach only Nature and the Unknown, make a desperate effort to satisfy their religious cravings with these very unpromising objects. The Positivist takes one boot, the Agnostic the other. The former takes Nature, the latter the Unknown ; and by a mental process which can only be characterized as monomania, they contrive to enjoy a sort of religious Barmecide's feast."

Again, in the same article, Mr. Ward says :—

"That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive, is hardly to be expected. 'Keep yourself up for my sake,' said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so, too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird ; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest."

If, as rumour says, Cardinal Newman delighted at these sallies from the pen of his young friend, the son of his old friend, not so Mr. Frederick Harrison. In a rejoinder which he printed, he did not write very much like a philosopher, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward again went out, sling in hand, to combat

with the Goliath of Positivism. Writing this time in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he remarked :—

“Another point in Mr. Harrison's reply deserves notice as recalling a famous story. When challenged to reconcile the very mild form of Positivism advocated in his last article with the enthusiastic worship of Humanity, which he advocates in his more orthodox works, he tell his critics that ‘his orthodoxy is his own concern, not theirs.’ Has Mr. Harrison ever heard of the traveller who described a species of bee, inhabiting a far-off clime, and declared that he had seen specimens as big as a man's fist? His hearer, though he had never seen the bees, had seen some of their hives, which were, he said, no bigger than ordinary English hives. ‘How,’ he asked, ‘can the bees, if they are as large as you describe them, get in?’ The traveller hesitated, and then answered solemnly, ‘That, sir, is their affair.’ This is the dream; and the interpretation thereof is that Mr. Harrison's original ecstatic account of the Religion of Humanity is the traveller's description of the bees; his article on ‘Agnostic Metaphysics’ is the hive; and when he is asked how the ecstatic religion will fit into the prosaic one, his reply is—that that is his affair. But the man who listened to the traveller's tale was probably sceptical as to the enormous size of the insects; and those who have read Mr. Harrison's recent utterances carefully, will, I think, remain of opinion that his Religion of Humanity is not much bigger than an ordinary English bee.”

The day for hammer and tongs in controversy has gone. Violence is no longer mistaken for strength, declamation does not pass for argument, nor assertion for proof. In view of the altered temper of men's minds, and of that passion for mastering the intricacies of controversy which the conductors of Reviews and Magazines are eager to gratify, but which they will not often satisfy, there is a vast amount of work lying ready to the hand of a writer like Mr. Wilfrid Ward. We may say to him what the gentleman in the coach said to David Wilkie: “I'm thankful, sir, to find you are so young.”

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The Fourth Estate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because, beyond a combination of lines, lights and colours, it has no existence. So we may say that a newspaper is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day, or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs, and writes, and rewrites, and lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it, and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy, and do not read ; many read half, and never finish ; many read, and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small ; and its fate is the shelf, dust, and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle will read it, and so plain that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dullness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast and dinner and supper. It becomes a voice, and spreads wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible, and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle, voices are heard only in a church or in a lecture-room ; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, withersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet." It is the nearest approach to the living Voice which is universal. After the Voice of the Church comes the voice, or rather the voices, of

the Newspaper Press. They are clamorous, discordant, defiant, worldly, evil, and often Godless.

Cicero, in his description of an orator, draws out the picture of a man of universal culture. Somebody said of a Lord Chancellor, a great orator, in the last generation, that if he had known a little law he would have known a little of everything. The Rector of a College tells us that the "highest outcome" of certain studies in Oxford "is the able Editor." Under protection of the anonymous press, such authorities instruct the public upon all that concerns their highest interests, with a dogmatism and an assurance proportioned to their ignorance of the subject they are assuming to teach. In the Schools of Oxford, he says, is now taught in perfection the art of writing "leading articles." *Non meus hic sermo.* No one but a Head of a House could write this under pain of vivisection. An Editor, therefore, may be a dogmatic teacher, and a destructive critic, as majestic as Jupiter Tonans, and as mischievous as a Whitehead torpedo, proportionally to his ignorance. We prefer Cicero's description of an orator, or even the malicious photograph of Lord Brougham.

An Editor's task is very onerous, and its moral duties are very grave. His office is rather that of a ruler or judge than of an author or of a professor. For any man to be master of all the topics which fill a newspaper is impossible. Whewell could write on most things, from a Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences to a History of Chinese Music ; but the *Times* of tomorrow will contain heterogeneous matter which no one man can profess to know. Book learning is not enough. Contact with life, and knowledge of men, a watchful noting of events, and a discernment of the signs of the political horizon, are necessary for any one who would think for his contemporaries, and speak to those who cannot think for themselves.

An Editor, moreover, needs the impartiality of a judicial mind ; and all the more inasmuch as he speaks, like the Homeric

deities, out of a cloud. Anonymous writing is a dangerous trade. Few men can resist the temptation to write under a mask things which they would not say with open face. It is perhaps necessary that there should be an anonymous and "viewless" Judge, sitting in an unseen tribunal, who may watch over the *minora moralia*, the lesser moralities of life, of which legislation and the Courts of Westminster take no cognizance, because they can enforce no jurisdiction. But it is a dangerous tribunal, and may become like the Secret Societies which tell off assassins to destroy. Unless an Editor be upright, just, and forbearing, he may be used to violate the laws of charity and justice, and to break in upon the sanctuary of private life. The ravenous appetite for personal gossip which makes havoc of society is passing into the Press : a sure sign of a lowered tone among those that read. For no man would write what no man would read : the demand invites the supply, and the supply stimulates the thirst for detraction.

But there is one more quality of the judicial mind needed for an Editor. It was said of a living statesman that his mind was like the proboscis of an elephant. It could pull up a tree, or pick up a pin. An Editor has to judge of the relative magnitudes and values of articles, and letters, and critiques, dear to their authors as Aristotle says children always are to parents ; and, as we may add, often in the measure of their deformities. It was said of S. Francis of Sales that his way of rejecting a request was so winning that he gave more pleasure when he refused what was asked of him than when he granted it. People rather liked it. Clearly S. Francis of Sales never edited a newspaper, and never had to deal with disappointed authors.

But to pass from Editors to Readers. What a newspaper reader is, it is hard to say ; for there are as many kinds of readers as there are of fishes—from a shark to an octopus. First, there is a division on the principle of taste. For instance :

there are some who will ravenously read everything but the advertisements. There are those who will fastidiously read the advertisements, and nothing else. There are the monied men who read the City article only, and do not know what Dulcigno is ; and others who carefully read the Police reports, as the chief events of the times. Some unwisely read and believe all that "Our Own Correspondents" write, especially the "News from Rome." This, however, is a small class, chiefly of elderly ladies, and expositors of the Apocalypse. Others, again, revel in Coroner's inquests, in the dearth of new novels. We remember an inexperienced young man who was sedulously reading out to Lord Stowell the latest political news, till he was stopped by, "Can't you find me a good murder?" Some readers buy a *Times* at Euston Square when starting for Inverness, and are found next morning at daybreak still devouring it. Finally, there are those who converse only with the great spirits of Olympus who breathe to us in the leading articles ; and a large class who revel in the outer darkness of personal scandal and all uncharitableness.

The next division of readers may be made on the principle of discernment. Some believe everything their newspaper tells them ; and some, to show their superior information, believe nothing. The former is a large and amiable class, dying out, we fear. "How can you doubt it ? I saw it in the newspaper." This was a peaceful race who lived out of the strife of truth and falsehood, of fact and fiction. What did it matter to them ? If it was so, it was so ; if not, not : and their daily life was all the same. These are the readers chiefly to be found in rural homes. The world goes round daily, and they with it ; but they feel no motion, and believe it to be at rest. The latter class are less happy. If S. Augustine is right in defining faith to be a *pius credulitatis affectus*, then the superior incredulity of those who know that the newspapers are always wrong must be distinctly impious, and in no

way soothing to the mind. In truth, such readers lose all the placid enjoyment of slumbering over their newspaper. They cannot settle and draw honey from its harmless fictions. It is life and death to them to be trumpetting and stinging like gnats, consigning the whole staff, from the able editor down to the folders, to the limbo of idiots. This hyper-discernment is a misery to the gifted owner. He robs himself of many a gleaming and tranquillizing vision, which allays irritation of the brain, and is after all as true as the greater part of the telegrams which now rule the world. If we say that the great Tempter who has seduced mankind into an impious incredulity of what newspapers tell us is Baron Reuter, we do so with instant reparation to avert action for libel—that is, if the Baron be really extant in the flesh. We take him to be a mythical personage: the God Pan of the Newspaper world, at once everywhere and nowhere, as changeful as Proteus, and as little bound to truth. During the Russo-Turkish war, telegrams were dated from every point of the two strategical positions. But they all came from Vienna. They were identical in words, but they appeared next day in all the party colours of Russophiles and Turcophiles—*frontibus adversis pugnantis*—as they had been made up for the various palates of the opposite worlds of readers.

And this touches a sensitive part in the great empire of newspapers. It is not the supply that creates the demand, but the demand that creates the supply. And here we find that at last an editor has many masters. It is bad enough to serve two. Woe to the wight who must content many. If he does not cater to their taste, or their discernment, or their curiosity, or their fancies, they can starve him. Picture to yourself Count Ugolino starving in an editor's room. It therefore seems to us that a newspaper reader is a formidable dispenser of life and death, like the householders in Edinburgh, who had the right of gallows in the back courts of every tenement.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

A Nested Bird.

ALL in the sweet, sweet April weather,
With flute, and trill, and glint of feather,
The russet bird doth build its nest ;
The innocent heart beats wild and high
For thought of wee heads soon to lie
Below the mother's silken breast.

All through the lovely shine and shower
She dreameth in her leafy bower,
She broodeth while the others sing ;
And lo ! some happy dawn or even,
The baby things, as sweet as heaven,
Are nestled underneath her wing.

But May will wax and wane to June,
Who lieth dead some lustrous noon.
Ah, birdie mine ! one weary hour
Your little children rise and fly
On tender wings to the morning sky,
And leave you lonely evermore !

All in the sweet, sweet April rain,
With mother-love and mother-pain,
A brown bird nesteth in my heart,
And when the summer shows come on
The nestlings fly to meet the dawn,
To some strange wondrous world apart.

These be my songs that rise and flee
Across the land, across the sea—
To what far unfamiliar shore?
My dim eyes watch their trembling flight,
Till each wild wing is lost to sight:
The distance holds them evermore.

And sometimes one will fail and fall,
"O little one, come back!" I call,
"My heart and I have room for thee."
I gather up the trembling thing,
My wee bird with its broken wing—
My home-bird evermore to be.

And sometimes I shall hear of one,
When many a day hath come and gone,
That hath found rest and shelter sure;
That shall make music fair and fine,
For some more weary heart than mine
While sunless winter days endure.

And in my heart through many a spring
The small sweet mother-bird doth sing,
Through many a winter wan and grey.
In summer fulness, autumn pain,
My golden-throat with silver strain
Doth charm pale sorrow's tears away.

O little flowers! that blow and bud,
That dance and play, by croft and wood,
Your breath makes sweet a world of pain—
Arising from the sad earth's face,
Makes incense that shall find more grace
Than this bird's tiny loving strain.

O happy birds! that sing and sing
Down all the windy ways of Spring
 How pure and clear your wild notes be!
But this bird's love-song, thin and small,
Like violet's breath, or blackbird's call,
 Makes glad my wintry heart and me.

Alas! and if, some day of woe,
My heart and I should wake to know
 That we were silent, left forlorn,
Our house unswept, ungarnished—
Our bonny song-bird being dead,
 Or flown to never more return;

My heart and I would never rise
To look the new life in the eyes—
 The pale life with the sweet soul fled;
We would lie very still and mute
Most like an ancient shattered lute
 Whereon the grey years' dusts are shed.

And through the silence and the gloom,
One day sweet Death would surely come,
 His grey wings sweeping with no sound.
He hath a clear face like a star;
His lips and eyes most tender are;
 His kind hand healeth many a wound.

And he, perchance, with pity fair,
Would mark where this sad heart lay bare,
 Would reach and lift it with no word;
Would spread his wings and sail away,
And, in a strange new April day,
 Would give the nest its singing-bird.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Match of the Season.

"IT'S an insane sort of project, arriving at a house in the middle of the night," said the Earl.

He sat opposite his sister in the "little dining-room" of Hungerford House, eating a simple dinner at an unfashionably early hour of the September evening. The subdued light of the shaded lamp, the dark colour of Lady Felicia's travelling dress, the noiseless attendance of one servant, Lord Hungerford's own man, the soft duet of conversation, all gave a character of interlude to the carefully prepared meal.

"Delightful, I think," returned Felicia, "and almost original. This will be the longest day I ever spent in my life, and I can't count the times I shall have dressed since it began——"

"At an unearthly hour of the morning," said her brother, whose temperament was phlegmatic.

"Up at five for cubbing," said Felicia; "home to breakfast at eleven; off to the station behind the ponies at twelve. In town at two o'clock; to St. Paul's for the wedding at half-past three; then to Palace Gardens for an hour of ices and presents; back here to change and dine; and then Euston at 7.50 for the Midlands."

"To be followed," added her brother, as she paused to help herself from an offered dish, "by two hours of express travelling, a dark drive, an arrival at a strange house not earlier than ten o'clock at night, another toilette——"

"And a ball," concluded Felicia, triumphantly.

"I pity your maid," Lord Hungerford remarked.

"Poor dear Saunders!" laughed Felicia. "Why for all I know she lay in bed till ten this morning, and for all I care she may go to bed at eleven to-night. But you can hardly

call it a strange house, Hungerford, when one knows the Duchess so well."

"In town or in Sandshire," he answered, "not at Brendon; but I wish you enjoyment of what I would rather avoid."

"And have actually shirked," said his sister.

"If you will; but really I must be at home again early to-morrow, and from Brendon that would be impossible. I suppose you will be back on Monday?"

"Certainly; I would not miss Tuesday at Barberry Wood. Has Saunders started yet, Carter?" she added, turning to the servant.

"Yes, my lady; a few minutes ago."

"With that beautiful dress?" asked Lord Hungerford. "I wonder you trust it out of your sight. It's to finish some one or other, isn't it?"

"Without doubt," laughed Felicia; "it could not fail to do. Saunders is so convinced of that or some other fact that she has packed it separately, and the box is to travel in the same carriage with her."

"What is it? Marie de Médicis, about?"

"Elizabeth of Parma; Spanish grandeur grafted on to Italian taste. Seriously, Hungerford, it is very handsome. I put it on last night complete to show mamma, and Saunders nearly cried with artistic feeling."

"Will Genest be there?" asked the Earl.

"Oh yes, surely; why not? You know him, don't you?"

"A little. He is in town now, I hear, because every one else is shooting."

"Is he the sort of man for that to be a sufficient reason? I don't like eccentrics."

"Nor I, much. He's a very decent fellow though, but mad on mechanics—I think it is mechanics."

"His step-mother's fond of him I fancy," said Felicia care-

lessly as she rose. "I shall be ready for the brougham in five minutes, Carter."

Lord Hungerford looked at his watch. "Yes, it's time you were off," he said. "I'm coming with you to Euston."

A quarter of an hour later the brother and sister were pacing the down-platform, waiting for Felicia's maid and the luggage, which, in her charge, had started earlier, and had been unaccountably delayed. Felicia had no fidgety element in her composition, and had leisure to look about her. Beyond the despatch of the mails, however, there is not much to attract attention in the departure of the evening express. Everything is too much in course to admit of confusion, and to-night there was not enough crowding to afford amusement. The only individual who was sufficiently unlike the rest of his kind to draw notice to himself in any degree was an engineer, whether driver or fireman Felicia could not determine, who paced up and down the line of carriages to a level with that Lord Hungerford and his sister had chosen, and looked at her more than once with the deliberate stare that a well-bred man indulges in, perhaps to ensure the preservation of his otherwise perfect breeding, on the principle by which a flaw is advisable in the metal of a fine bell. Such a stare is an art in itself, and is impossible to be confounded by the initiated with the sharp look of curiosity or the gaze of impertinence. Therefore Felicia was attracted to the man whose jacket was of an exceptional oiliness, and noticed, in the absence of other interests, that the eyes were fine and set in a face that by the uncertain light seemed rather bronzed than dirty. The face fascinated her, and she found herself watching the man's movements and calculating his periodical return with an exactness she could not have accounted for. That the impression of it should remain with her during her journey was a curious result of so short a knowledge of it, which she made no attempt to analyze as she swung through the darkness in padded

solitude under the light of one of those carriage lamps that furnish a more mysterious shadow than that of an autumnal moon. But before it passed out of the range of her vision Hungerford had become anxious about the absence of Saunders and the luggage. He was not prepared to accompany his sister, and was not unwilling to put a stop to her journey to please his mother, but the threatened desertion of her maid had brought him to the impatient consideration of both alternatives, and culminated in some strong expressions of annoyance when Felicia took her seat. The time for departure had actually arrived, Hungerford had uttered the words, "You must give it up ; you must indeed, it was always a mad scheme," and had opened the door for her exit, when a confusion at the lower end of the platform resolved itself into a rushing female figure, carrying a dressing-case and pursued by a porter loaded with an expansive box that suggested millinery. The flying figure skilfully turned by the guard in the midst of its headlong course, was suddenly lost to sight behind a carriage door, which was slammed and the box pitched in after it, as the train actually moved off, leaving Felicia to sink into her seat with a sigh of relief, though separated by the whole length of the train from the maid whose zeal had conquered the delays of a cab accident and a road under repair, to arrive, as she thought, in the nick of time. But thirty seconds may suffice to divide success from failure.

"Fonborough !" The iteration of the name and the jerk as the long train yielded to the pressure of the continuous break, roused Felicia from sleep. The door was opened into darkness and a man's head appeared at the level of its lower panel. "Change here for Merryfield," he said. "Any luggage, ma'am ?" The porter climbed in, collected together her books and rugs, sprang down to a depth unfathomable in the darkness, whilst Felicia stood at the carriage door wondering how the

descent was to be made, set them down on the ground and turned to help her.

"Where are we?" asked Felicia. "This is not the usual platform!"

"Down platform's under repair," said the man coming forward, but as a step approached from the front of the train he drew back, and lifting his lantern threw its light upon the face of the Euston fireman. The sight of it, with the eyes lifted to the height at which she stood, gave Felicia the shock that the sudden embodiment of a prominent idea produces.

"Allow me to help you," sounded from below, and then as Felicia hesitated, "jump!"

Felicia jumped and was caught by strong arms, held poised for a moment, and then swung lightly to the ground. "Thank you!" she said warmly, and looked up once again to the face that filled her thoughts. She walked by his side along the permanent way, and when they came to the end of the platform he lifted her up on to it with the same careful strength he had shown before, and stood by her at the luggage van as she looked vainly for Saunders and her charge. She was not there, and somehow the train looked shorter than it had done at Euston.

"I am looking for my maid and the luggage," Felicia said, turning to the porter who had followed, "she was in the last carriage, I think; pray find her for me." She glanced up at her companion as she ended. Although he did not speak there was a sense of protection in his presence, and when the porter returned with the information that no person corresponding to Saunders was in the train, and suggestively added that the last had been a slip-carriage left behind twenty miles earlier, she turned to the fireman with an appealing look in some agitation. He responded to it by saying he would send the station-master, and left her profoundly impressed with the weight of Hungerford's last words, for Felicia had never travelled alone before.

"Going on to Merryfield, my lady? Your train is in the station. This way if you please. Your maid was left behind at Bearley, no doubt, and the luggage. The guard will take charge of you to Merryfield, where I am told you will be met."

"But when will she come on?" asked Felicia, thinking in a puzzled way of the future.

"In the early morning; 5.30 if she pleases. There is a station inn at Bearley, I believe, where she can sleep."

"And when will she reach Brendon?"

"She can get on from here to Merryfield at 6.10; will be with your ladyship no doubt at seven o'clock. I will see that it is all right. This is your carriage. Twenty minutes only to Merryfield. No thanks, my lady, a pleasure to serve you;" and the station-master bowed himself away.

Though Felicia was confused she found herself wondering how he knew her rank, but she was depressed and unhappy with the misfortune that had befallen her, and inconsecutive uncomfortable thoughts lasted her until she reached Merryfield. There, standing under cover of the little wooden station while a foot-boy collected her wraps, she became sufficiently alive to current events to feel some astonishment at the sight of the fireman, who, coming from the forepart of the train, passed her quickly, and jumped into a smart dogcart clearly visible through the night haze by the light of the station lamp. But her surprise at the manner of his exit and at the deference shown by a ducal groom to a servant of the company, was eventually lost in the embarrassment of her own position as Felicia set herself to conceive a scheme of enjoying the anticipated ball without the help of maid or wardrobe.

A very pretty housemaid was coming slowly down a side staircase that ran into a narrow corridor just where the corridor itself opened into the great gallery of Brendon Place, as Lord Genest, the heir of the house, in a dark flowing Charles II. wig, leather boots flounced with lace, and his fair eyebrows

stained to a ferocious blackness, left his room to join the guests his stepmother's invitation had gathered together for her ball. He was satisfactorily disguised according to the united testimony of his mirror and his valet, and passed along leisurely and with a somewhat preoccupied air until he reached the portière which divided passage from gallery. Then, glancing up for a moment, he stood in mingled surprise and admiration at the pretty vision, looking a second time to assure himself that the pink cotton gown and ribbons was the uniform of the house and did not clothe some promiscuous waiting-maid whom he had never seen before. But indifferent as he generally was to details of costume, his eye told him that cap and apron had no affinity to the dress of a lady's maid off the stage, and he hurried on, half-confused by his own surprise, profoundly impressed by the beauty of the face that looked down upon him, and determined to learn from the Duchess something more of its history. Meanwhile the housemaid turned precipitately and ran upstairs again.

He proceeded to the ball-room, where the subdued brilliancy of wax-lights shone upon a scene that inevitably recalled Byron's Carnival lines. Large as the room was it was almost too crowded for dancing, and Genest made his way to one of the drawing-rooms to find the Duchess, who had long ago received the latest of her guests. He reached her with difficulty, and, offering his arm, asked permission to take her through the rooms before supper should be announced. She agreed, saying, as he threw the train of her court-dress over her arm for her, "It is Genest's voice, isn't it? I wanted to speak to you."

"And I to you," he returned, looking admiringly at the graceful stately figure glittering with diamonds, and yet preserving, amidst the overlying magnificence, the simple dignity that was the young Duchess's great charm. "Can I help you in any way?"

"Very much when supper comes," she returned. "I want to keep you in duty then for an unlimited time ; but tell me before I forget it, did Felicia Barry come down with you ?"

"I believe so. A young lady whom I never clearly saw, but whom I took to be Lady Felicia, was getting into your brougham when I left Merryfield Station, and must be here long before now ; but tell me, mother, please, who is that new housemaid I met in the west wing just now ?"

The Duchess looked at him and considered this question from her abstracted step-son in some surprise. "There are no new women-servants," she said. "What part of the west wing do you mean ?"

"The gallery floor ; she was coming down the staircase opposite my rooms—a wonderfully pretty face.

"Young ?" asked the Duchess.

"Quite young, twenty perhaps ; a very fair girl."

"You must be mistaken ; or it was one of the maids staying in the house, though she had no business to be there."

"Indeed, no ; it was one of the house servants ; I know the uniform."

"Emma Boone has your rooms," said the Duchess, bowing graciously to a county magnate ; "but what can you be thinking of to call her pretty ? and she is not a young woman either."

Lord Genest laughed. "My dear mother, do you suppose I could compare this girl with old Emma, who, I believe, knew me in jackets ? No, no ; for goodness sake find out for me who——"

He was interrupted, happily for himself. The Duchess's attention had wandered. Breaking into his speech with a hasty, "Another time, dear, please, not now," she left his arm and began a diplomatic conversation with old Sir Edward Bogie, whose family had up to the time of her reign at Brendon been at feud with her husband, and of whose political and social conversion she was reasonably proud.

Her step-son passed on, and found a partner for the next waltz, who did not suspect his identity, but enlightened him as to the individuality of a Chinaman lounging near them at the conclusion of the dance. Arm in arm with Captain Radcliffe, Genest paced down the comparatively empty gallery, turning when they had traversed half its length to see suddenly at a few yards distance from them the object of his preoccupied thoughts. She was talking to a lady unknown to him, and as a sudden flush passed over Genest's sunburnt face he halted sharply, looking so fixedly at her that Captain Radcliffe's attention was called to her, and he exclaimed sympathetically, "An *uncommonly* pretty woman. Would it be possible, I wonder——"

Felicia looked up instinctively as she moved away from Mrs. Bellair's side. A second time the Cavalier was offending her by the fixity of his attention. This time he clearly meant to speak, and, what was more, would inevitably do so in the strain which, however allowable it might be in their seeming characters, was unendurable in anticipation. She sprang away into a neighbouring doorway, but at the moment a dark-eyed "Arline" laid her hand upon the Cavalier's arm.

"Duke of Buckingham!" she said gaily; "mamma wants you this moment, please come!" and Genest slowly and as if in a dream followed his sister from the gallery.

From that moment until when, at the conclusion of his mechanically performed duties, he said good-night to the small group of house guests still remaining up to the end of the ball, the impression of the fair face clung to him with an almost visible presence, and when he threw himself upon his bed, tired alike mentally and physically, it remained with him in broken snatches of wakefulness from a dreamy and puzzled sleep. He had sought it vainly at the end of the evening, when leisure had allowed, both where he felt sure it could not be and where his vague knowledge of the internal economy of a large house-

hold led him to think it might be, but in vain, and few men have gone to rest more completely and involuntarily victims of a fixed idea than did Lord Genest in the early morning succeeding the ball at Brendon Place.

The breakfast party was late on the following morning, and when Felicia Barry joined it it was to hear Captain Radcliffe commenting to the Duke on Lord Genest's absence.

"My son," observed the Duke, with an almost imperceptible irony, "is a very busy man. I believe he really found time this morning to go out with the young hounds, which, as it involved leaving home at seven o'clock, I did not suggest to any of you other gentlemen, who can find many days to spare for such a comparatively mild amusement."

There was a general laugh at a joke, the point of which Felicia did not understand, but she felt a certain disappointment at the absence of the heir, to the making of whose acquaintance a reputed flavour of eccentricity lent the interest of curiosity.

"Does he so rarely hunt?" she asked Captain Radcliffe, who was hastening to make room for her next to his own seat.

"Oh, Genest thinks a horse a very tame sort of mount," he returned laughing, and then Felicia had to greet the Duchess, and the subject dropped.

The day passed quietly enough. Half-a-dozen of the men went out late with their guns, and two or three more rode out in the afternoon with Felicia and the Arline of the ball, but Lord Genest did not appear at either luncheon or tea-time. No further reference was made to his absence, and it seemed to be taken for granted that his engagements were too serious to be broken for the sake of country-house society. The idea that he was seeking mechanical distraction from the engrossing remembrance of a housemaid's face was as far from the thought of any one as the equally improbable conception that Felicia

Barry was mentally comparing the manner and expression of every man she had spoken to within the last twenty-four hours with the unobtrusive courtesy and the striking eyes of a fire-man. The face of an inferior had seized hold with a singular power upon the imagination of each.

Eight o'clock had struck when Felicia left her room that evening. In fear that dinner in a notoriously punctual household should have been announced, she was hastening with a quick step towards the head of the grand staircase when she saw that a man was coming towards it from an opposite direction. She slackened her pace and followed the somewhat abstracted-looking figure down the stairs until at the bottom the rustle of her dress drew his attention, and just at the drawing-room door he turned and looked at her. Then for a moment their eyes met. A vivid blush passed over Felicia's face as she recognized again the steady glance that had been with her in imagination all day, while into his eyes came a flash of surprise that made their light still clearer. Before either could speak the door was thrown open from inside and the punctual Duke came out with a lady on his arm. Drawing back to the foot of the staircase, and each silent through confusion of feeling, the pair remained almost unnoticed until at last the quick eyes of the Duchess caught sight of them.

"Oh, Genest!" she said, taking in their lateness in a moment; "that is just right! Take Lady Felicia, if you please, we will follow you."

"Lord Genest!"

"Lady Felicia Barry!"

They were the only words spoken as the pair crossed the hall, but when grace had been said, and Felicia's hands dropped upon her lap, she turned one shy amused glance at her companion and met his look bent upon her in smiling puzzled admiration.

It was a very pleasant dinner, half of it spent in guessing riddles and the rest in enjoying their solution. Felicia claimed to be satisfied first; he professed to find his own puzzle more difficult of solution, though to Felicia the quickly-executed plan of borrowing the dress of a housemaid to dance in at a fancy-ball seemed as simple as it might have proved awkward. Captain Radcliffe's quick wit in taking in the situation, obtaining an introduction from the aunt whom Felicia had joined in entering the gallery, and carrying her off to the ball-room before she had even spoken to her hostess, had made her incognito familiar to the dancing guests, but Felicia had half-a-dozen anecdotes to add concerning the manner in which her advances to old acquaintances in a new character had been met. Fatigue had driven her from the ball-room, however, before half her quickly-made engagements had been fulfilled, and so she missed the chance that a third meeting might have given her of identifying the "Duke of Buckingham" with the son of her host, and still further with the railway employé.

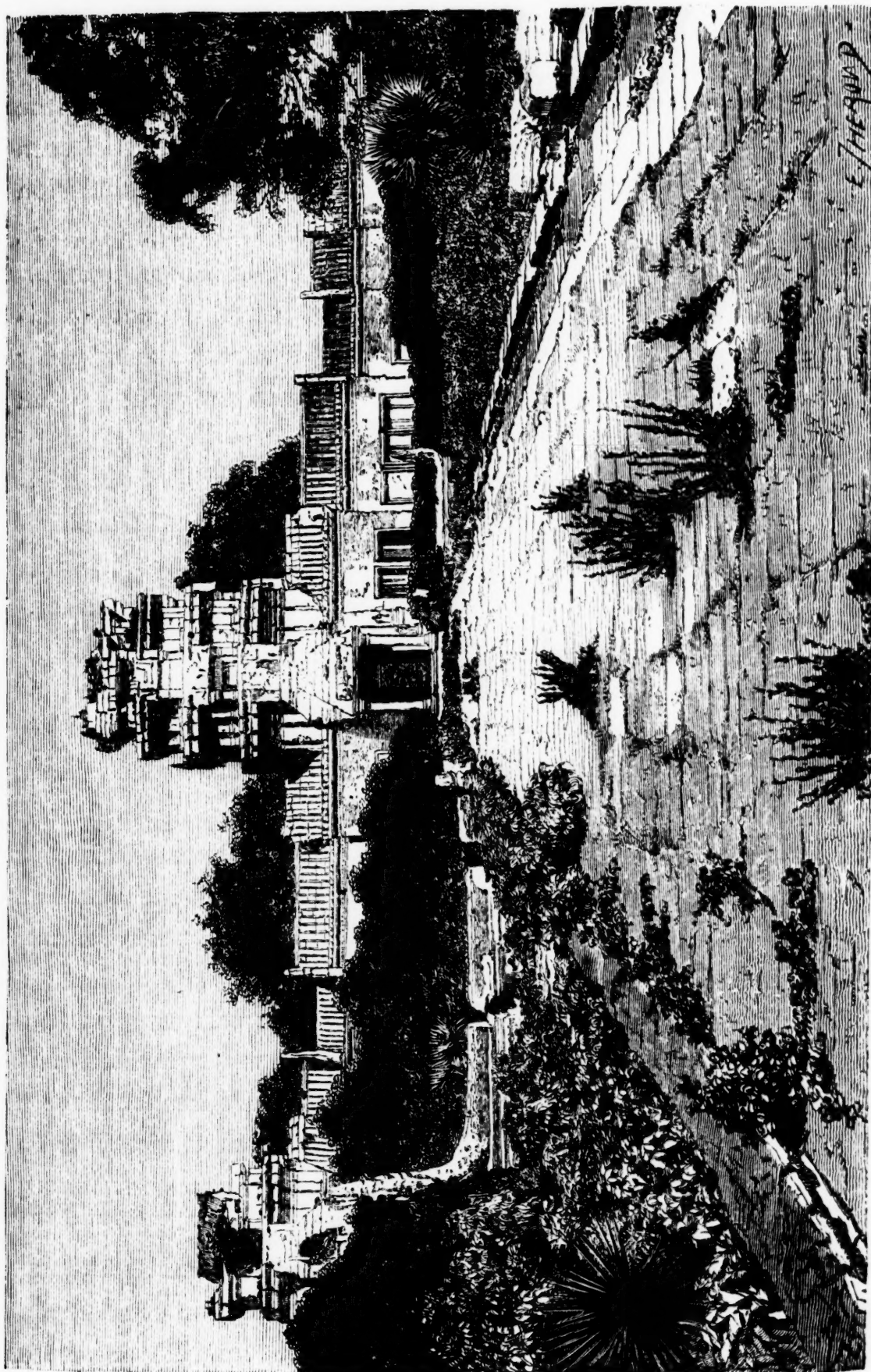
The end of dinner found each of the disguised as intimate with the other as if their personal acquaintance had been that of years instead of minutes, and the dinner was followed by days of intimacy that encouraged the earlier delusion. Felicia did not show at Barberry Wood on Tuesday, but rode with "The Brendon," mounted on a hunter of Genest's, selected by the prophetic inspiration of the stud-groom; and three months later a brilliant wedding took place in Piccadilly that united the houses of Brendon and Hungerford. It is now a few years ago, and amateur engine-driving is going more and more out of favour with traffic managers. Since then too, fancy balls have become common, but none has eclipsed in distinction the one from which the love-at-first-sight of a stoker and a housemaid resulted, in 187— in the Match of the Season.

AMES SAVILE.

Among the Shans.

MR. COLQUHOUN won by his great work, "Across Chrysê," a foremost place among contemporary travellers and observers of the ways of strange peoples. That reputation will be not only sustained, but largely increased, by his subsequent volume, "Among the Shans" (Field and Tuer). No book we have lately read contains so much novel information, so unaffectedly given. A great traveller can hardly, one would think, be a great egoist; but not all travellers have Mr. Colquhoun's modesty—a modesty which shows itself in many and always pleasant phases throughout his writings; and the glimpses we get of his personality are such as make us follow with all the more interest his footsteps over unfamiliar places. Modern journalism has set itself many tasks and achieved many triumphs off the lines of its own direct course; and among these must be reckoned the feats of an army of explorers and pioneers from Mr. Stanley to Mr. Colquhoun. For it was, we suppose, in his capacity as correspondent of the *Times* that our author ventured far afield from the ordinary tracks of travel, and was thus enabled to produce volumes which ought to be favourites with the young and the old, and do become so wherever they are known.

The particular journey, of which the record is "Among the Shans," was made in 1879; and Mr. Colquhoun, besides being a writer with his note-book in his pocket, entered the Shan country as the Commissioner of the Government of India. Owing to certain disputes, he tells us, between our foresters and the owners of the teak forests at Zimmé, in Northern Siam, near the borders of the country of the independent Shans, it was determined by the Indian Government to send a mission to



RUINS OF KHMER TEMPLE AT ANCOR WAT.

the King of Siam in order to make arrangements for the meeting of a Joint Commission at Zimmé, which should settle all pending cases and draw out such rules for the working of the forests as would be likely to prevent any future clashing between rival interests. As might have been expected, the Commission met with the most gracious reception from the King of Siam, one of the most enlightened and accomplished of Eastern potentates, whose desire for the progress and development of his kingdom is generous and discriminating, and who apparently has no wish to see his country absorbed into a "great French Colonial Empire."

The journey up the Salween and Mekong was of great interest; the country exhibits in some parts several of the finest features of mountain scenery; and the inhabitants are of much character and of considerable variety of type. The little outlying villages in the Hmine Long-gzee valley are inhabited by white Karens, a quiet, simple, timid race, who have had to endure generations of oppression, but who are rapidly being absorbed into Christianity. There are now, Mr. Colquhoun tells us, no less than 457 Christian Karen parishes scattered about the country. Most of these not only support their own churches, their own Karen pastors, and their own schools, but considerable sums of money are subscribed by them for the furtherance of missionary work among the Karens and other hill races living beyond the British border. It was on this journey that Mr. Colquhoun made the discovery which has tended to revolutionize our ideas as to trade routes from west and south into China. At Zimmé he found a great market for the products of Southern China, brought hither by a route far more practicable than any that has been proposed. Mr. Colquhoun's project of a railway from British Burmah, east and south, to Bangkok, on the one hand, and north to Zimmé, or even to the Chinese border, on the other, is more widely known. There is here undoubtedly a region well worth opening up to the outside

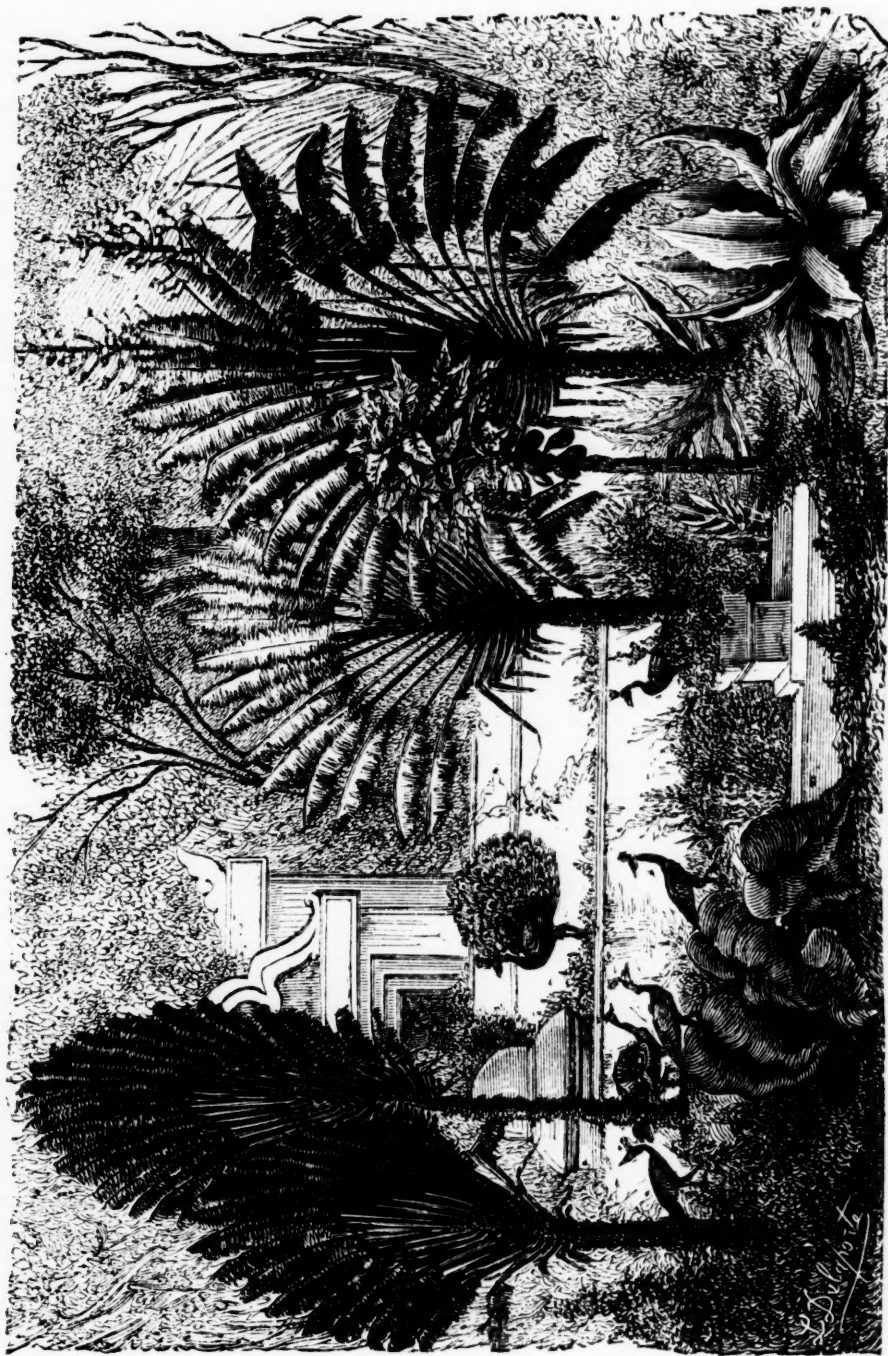
world by a method which has succeeded so well in regions similarly situated. In this volume the traveller gives very full details of the route to be followed, of the resources of the country, and of the probable cost of the undertaking. Our author, who remains a patriot through all his wanderings, adduces many proofs to show that French ambition is not limited to Annam and Tonquin. Fifteen years ago French officials urged not only the annexation of the whole peninsula, but the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire. Attempts have even already been made to set up relations with the Siamese Government— attempts the purport and ultimate aim of which are well enough known to the reigning monarch. It would be anything but desirable to have the French as our neighbours on the Burmese border ; and it remains for us to decide whether Siam shall remain independent or go the way of Cochin-China, Cambodia, and Tonquin.

The Shans are a people of strange interest. Though the name is loosely applied to peoples of very varied types and stages of civilization, the Shans themselves are no more barbarians than the Siamese or the Chinese. They have a long history and a genuine enough civilization of their own, and Mr. Colquhoun has done good service in bringing together nearly all that is known about them from previous travellers—M'Leod, Mouhot, Garnier, and others. The introduction contributed to the volume by Professor Lacouperie, on "The Cradle of the Shan Race," will to most English readers be a revelation as to the history of China and the true character of Chinese civilization. The Professor has gone far more deeply into the only genuine sources of Chinese history than probably has been done before. The Shans themselves, he shows, are far older inhabitants of China than those we are accustomed to call the Chinese. For the first time many will learn that there is no such thing as a homogeneous Chinese nation even in China proper. We find everywhere, certainly, now and for centuries back, Chinese

names of places and of officials; but M. Lacouperie shows that this was simply the Chinese method of annexing, and that feebly enough, a great variety of native tribes and races practically independent. The multitude of names which M. Lacouperie gives of "aboriginal" tribes and immigrating peoples is absolutely bewildering, and if he desires to reach the understandings even of scholarly readers he must enter into much more detail. Of the infusion of Western (Iranian) civilization into China there can be no doubt; and it would be a pleasure to see the whole problem of the origin and elements of Chinese civilization clearly worked out by M. Lacouperie, who probably is better qualified than any one else to do so. His remarks as to the forces which influence the evolution of tribal or national civilization are full of suggestion. He maintains that without contact from the outside a people can only reach a very limited stage of civilization; and his ideas in this respect will explain many ethnical phenomena which have hitherto puzzled students of humanity. M. Lacouperie concludes his learned dissertation with the statement that the cradle of the Shan race was in the Kiulung Mountains, north of Sechuen and south of Shensi, in China proper. Mr. Holt Hallett adds a supplementary chapter on the history of the Shans, a valuable appendix to M. Lacouperie's dissertation and to Mr. Colquhoun's narrative.

But by far the most interesting portion of the volume is that in which Mr. Colquhoun deals with the religious tenets and observances of the people. The likeness of discipline and order, interior and exterior, between Christianity and Buddhism, is obvious and profoundly interesting, showing the same point of evolution from Oriental and Occidental thought. The two Monasticisms have been developed in separate mediæval phases of history, and they moreover seem to separate more widely as we follow them nearer to their origin, the Monasticism of Europe having its roots in a Semitic religion. Yet the

similarity evident now to the eye is altogether surprising. An analogy is at once suggested between this likeness and that of certain mammals, the pictures of which are not distinguishable,



IN MONASTIC GROUNDS.

but which, being respectively placental and non-placental, betray to the anatomist a different evolutionary history hardly calculable as to its duration in time. Professor Mivart insists, if we remember aright, that so significant, and if we may use

the word, so constructive, an organic difference with so close an identity of form (and therefore of other organs than those which differ) could not thinkably be the result of those minute fortuitous changes from the original structure which made part of the distinctively Darwinian theory. As Professor Mivart, admitting the evolutionary process, claims, for the production of things so profoundly like-unlike, the invention of a designer—so we, contemplating the Buddhist and the Benedictine monk, and all that they imply and show and conceal, may be led to acknowledge one over-ruling intention that has not only given the initial impetus from the one original Monotheism of the early world, but has continued to inform the imperfect human effort with an unchangeable Divine ideal. The conscience of mankind has tended one way; and not only so—it has agreed, East and West, upon the very details of sanctity, and upon that kind and degree of perfection from which Nature and the world are constantly pulling away. For it is in spite of the incessant action of Nature and the world that the idea of perfect masculine innocence, for instance, has been preserved in the Catholic and in the Buddhist monastery and college, as it has remained in the dreams of Shelley—but where else in the world?

The monks are the great educators among the Shans; and education there has long been compulsory and free. "When the boys are about twelve," says our traveller, "they are clothed in the yellow robe of novices"—yellow, to us joy's own colour, is with them the hue of grief and self-abasement—"and are supposed to obey not only the five Commandments which are obligatory on all Buddhists—viz., not to take life, not to steal, not to commit adultery, to tell the truth, and to avoid intoxicating liquors—but to the following five in addition: not to eat after mid-day, not to sing, dance, or play on any musical instrument, not to colour the face, not to sit or lie down on an elevated place not proper for them, and not to handle gold or

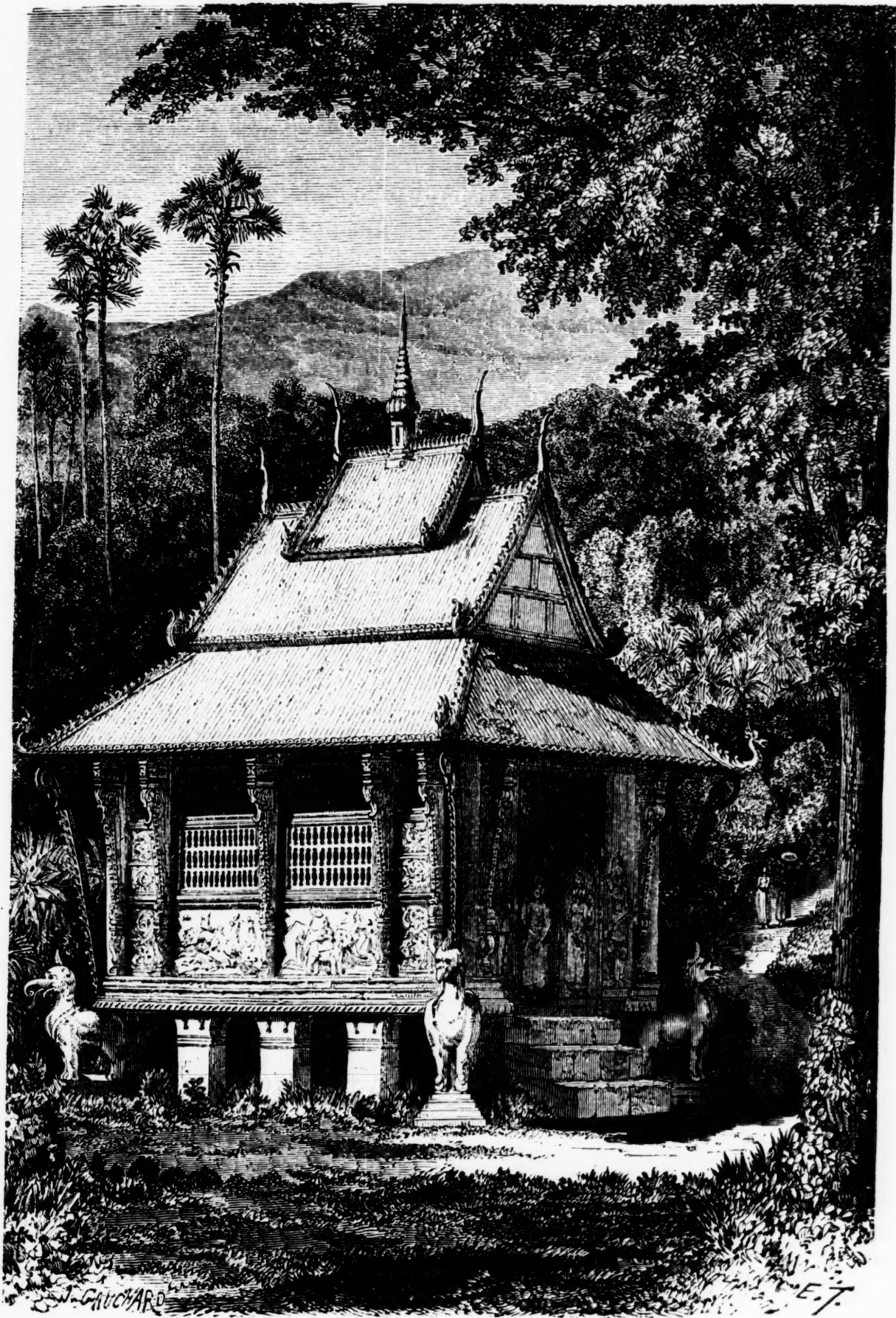
silver. Their duties are to minister to the wants of the poongyees of the monastery, to place before them at fixed times the usual supply of water, their betel-boxes, and their daily food, and to attend them when they leave the kyoung on some pious errand." The maxims put forth for observance in these monasteries by the priestly orders, or monks, are sufficiently detailed, even when we omit at our discretion some half-dozen among them. At times the reader learned in such things will forget whether he is listening to a catena of rules drawn up by Guadama, or—say by St. Benedict :—

- Kill no human being.
- Steal not.
- Avoid the sins of the flesh.
- Boast not of your own sanctity.
- Do not break up the ground.
- Destroy no tree.
- Kill no animal.
- Drink no intoxicating beverage.
- Eat no rice after mid-day.
- Regard not song, dance, or music.
- Use no perfumes about your persons.
- Neither sit nor sleep in a place higher than that occupied by your superior.
- Keep neither gold nor silver.
- Speak of nothing but religious matters.
- Do nothing but what is religious.
- Give no flowers to women.*
- Take no water from a spot where worms are engendered.
- Do not court secular persons for the sake of alms.
- Borrow nothing from secular persons.
- Lend nothing on interest, not even a cowrie.†
- Keep neither lance, nor sword, nor warlike weapon.
- Eat not to excess.

* Love is shown by offering flowers, and is repulsed by the refusal to accept them.

† A cowrie is a shell; 1,200 of them are worth $3\frac{3}{4}$ d.

- Sleep not much.
Sing no gay songs.
Play upon no instrument ; avoid sports and games.
Judge not your neighbour ; say not, this is a good, and that is a bad man.
Swing not your arms in walking.
Mount no tree.
Bake no bricks and burn no wood.
Wink not in speaking, and look not round in contempt.
Work not for money.
Seek not pleasure by looking upon women.
Make no incisions which bring blood.
Buy not, sell not.
When you eat, make no noise like dogs—chibi, chibi, chiabi, chiabi.
Sleep in no exposed place.
Administer no poisonous medicine.
It is a sin to walk in the streets in a non-contemplative mood.
It is a sin not to shave the head, the eyebrows, and to neglect the nails.
It is a sin to stretch out the feet when sitting.
Keep not the leavings of your meals.
Have not many garments.
It is a sin to appear as austere as a priest of the woods, to seem more strict than other priests, to act differently in public from in private.
To receive alms and to give them to another is a sin.
To speak to a woman in a secret place is a sin.
It is a sin to meddle with royal affairs, except where religion is concerned.
It is a sin to cultivate the ground—to breed ducks, fowls, cows, buffaloes, elephants, horses, pigs, or dogs, as secular people do.
It is a sin to preach in any but the Pali tongue.
It is a sin to think one way and speak another.
To sit on the same mat with a woman is a sin.
To cook rice is a sin.



A MONASTERY LIBRARY.

To eat anything which has not been offered with joined hands is a sin.

It is a sin to covet another man's goods.

To speak injuriously of the earth, the wind, of fire, or water, or anything else, is a sin.

It is a sin to mount an elephant or a palanquin.

It is a sin to be clothed in costly garments.

It is a sin to ornament the ears with flowers.

To wear shoes which hide the toes is a sin.

To plant flowers or trees is sinful.

It is sinful to receive anything from the hand of a woman.

It is a sin not to love everybody alike.

It is a sin to eat anything having life, such as seeds which may germinate.

To cut down or tear away anything which has life is a sin.

It is sinful to make an idol.

It is sinful for the priest not to fill up a ditch which he has dug.

It is a sin to fold the end of the garment, unless there is work to be done.

To eat out of gold or silver vessels is a sin.

It is a sin to sleep after meals, instead of performing religious rites.

Having eaten what is given in alms, to say that it was good or not is a sin.

To exhibit self-glorification, by saying, I am a mandarin's son, or my mother is rich, is sin.

It is a sin to wear red, black, green, or white garments.

It is a sin, in laughing, to raise the voice.

It is a sin, in preaching, to alter the Pali text in order to gratify the hearers.

To employ charms, in order to become invulnerable, is a sin.

To boast of being more learned than another is a sin.

To desire gold or silver, saying, When I leave the convent I will marry and live expensively, is a sin.

It is a sin to mourn for dead relations.

To go out at evening in order to see any one but mother, or sisters, or brothers, and to amuse one's self by talking on the way, is a sin.

To give garments, or gold, or silver, to any but father and mother, brothers or sisters, is sin.

To leave the monastery in order to recover garments, gold, or silver, supposed to be stolen, is sin.

To sit on a carpet of wrought gold or silver which been given, but ordered to be made, is a sin.

To sit down without stretching the garment appropriated to sit upon, is a sin.

To walk in the street without having buttoned the proper button, and to enter a boat without unbuttoning the same button, are sins.

To cough or sneeze, in order to win the notice of a group of girls seated, is a sin.

It is a sin not to have the under garment hemmed ; and it is sinful to wear over the shoulders a garment in one piece only.

Not to put on the garments at break of day is sinful.

To walk in the streets as if some one were following is a sin.

After washing the feet, to make a noise with them on wood or stone, and then enter the house of a secular, is to commit a sin.

To be cognisant of the influence of numbers* is sinful.

It is a sin to make a noise with the feet, or to walk heavily on ascending a staircase.

It is a sin to pass judgment on other men, or to say this is well, this evil done.

To look fiercely at other people is a sin.

To clean the teeth with certain long pieces of wood, or while speaking to others, is a sin.

To eat and to talk at the same time is a sin.

To eat so that the rice drops while eating is a sin.

If, after eating and washing the mouth, the teeth are picked, and the lips whistled through in the presence of seculars, it is sinful.

To take the garments of the dead before they are percolated is a sin.

To menace a person with arrest, with blows, or any other

* Lucky numbers.

punishment, with complaints against him to the King or any high personage, in order to excite alarm, is sinful.

To be moving anywhere without thinking of keeping the commandments, is sin.

It is a sin to wash the body in a current of water above the spot any older priest is washing in.

It is a sin to forge iron.

It is sinful, in thinking of religious matters, to dwell upon that which is not clearly understood, without consulting another priest who might give an explanation.

Not to be acquainted with the three seasons of the year, and the conferences which belong to each, is sinful.

A priest who knows that another priest owes money, and who enters the temple with the money-owing priest, commits a sin.

A priest in enmity with another priest, who nevertheless accompanies him to religious conference, sins.

It is a sin to cause alarm to any one.

If a priest arrest any one, knowing he has no money, he sins, if the amount is less than a tical ; * and if it be more than a tical, the priest must be driven from his religious profession.

A priest who whistles for his amusement sins.

It is a sin to shout as thieves do.

The habit of envy is sinful.

To light a fire, or to cover a fire, is a sin.

To eat fruit out of season is sinful.

It is a sin to eat the flesh of man, elephant, horse, serpent, tiger, crocodile, dog, or cat.

To ask alms every day in the same place is a sin.

To make a bandage or cup of gold to receive alms therein is a sin.

A priest who puts his hand into the cooking-pot sins.

A priest who crushes, fans, and cleans rice, or draws water to cook it, sins.

To serve sin is a sin.

A priest sins who, in eating, slobbers his mouth like a little child.

* 2s. 6d.

A priest asking alms, and taking more than he needs for a day's use, sins.

If he take wood or anything, to make fire in a place where an animal is accustomed to rest, he sins.

If he coughs in order to be noticed when he asks alms, he sins.

He sins if, walking in the streets, he covers his head with his robe, or wears a hat, as seculars sometimes do.

If a priest go to sing or to recite near a dead person, he sins if he do not reflect upon death, and that everybody must die, and on the instability of mortal things, and the fragility of the life of man.

A priest sins if he eats without crossing his legs.

A priest sins if, when speaking with seculars, he stretches out his legs.

A priest may not wash himself in the twilight or the dark, lest he should unadvisedly kill some insect or other living thing.



FRESCO IN A SHAN MONASTERY.

The making of many rules often means the breaking of many. How far the monks of Buddha observe the conditions of sanctity so elaborately laid down for them, is a matter in some dispute. Mr. Colquhoun, who has probably the average Scotsman's intuitions about the life monastic, whether in the East or the West, is inclined to estimate its effects not very favourably. In the Shan country, as in Italy, and indeed nearer home, the sight of a monastery is enough to raise the facile suspicion and the facile jeer among the surrounding population; and of this the echo comes to us in the traveller's tale. But Monsignor Bigandet, Vicar-Apostolic in Burmah, has formed, and recently published, opinions which tell in an opposite direction. If the state of a nation may be judged by the position of its womankind, then we may say that the Shans are able to show an example not always without meaning for Englishmen. On this point all witnesses would appear to be agreed. Mr. Colquhoun says:—

“The girls are kept at home under the immediate supervision of their mothers, who teach them to be industrious; and train them, from their infancy, in the acquirement of common sense, which has justly been called the most uncommon sense of all. Nearly before they have left the breast, they seem to become far-sighted little women of the world. Walk through any village or town, and you will see damsels squatted on the floor of the verandah with diminutive, or sometimes large, stalls in front of them, covered with vegetables, fruit, betel-nut, cigars, and other articles. However numerous they may be, the price of everything is known to them; and such is their idea of probity, that pilfering is quite unknown amongst them. They are entirely trusted by their parents from their earliest years; even when they blossom into young women, *chaperons* are never a necessity; yet immorality is far less customary amongst them, I am led to believe, than in any country in Europe.”

And Monsignor Bigandet says:—

“In Burmah and Siam the doctrines of Buddhism have produced a striking, and to the lover of true civilization a most interesting, result; viz., the almost complete equality of the con-

dition of the women with that of the men. In these countries, women are not so universally confined in the interior of their houses, without the remotest chance of ever appearing in public. They are seen circulating freely in the streets ; they preside at the *comptoir*, and hold an almost exclusive possession of the bazaars. Their social position is more elevated, in every respect, than that of the persons of their sex in the regions where Buddhism is not the predominating creed. They may be said to be men's companions, and not their slaves. They are active, industrious, and, by their labours and exertions, contribute their full share towards the maintenance of the family. The marital rights are fully acknowledged by a respectful behaviour towards their lords. In spite of all that has been said by superficial observers, I feel convinced that manners are less corrupted in those countries where women enjoy liberty than in those where they are buried alive by a despotic custom in the grave of an opprobrious slavery."

But we must take our leave of Mr. Colquhoun, and in thanking him for the travels over which he has already conducted us, we may express a hope to resume pleasant companionship with him before long, when he takes the public into confidence about his wanderings in Formosa. And to Monsignor Bigandet also, whose wide sympathies will assuredly help him in his noble labours, we shall not bid a long farewell.

A. C. OPIE.

A Misunderstood Quality.

IT is possible to write history in many ways; and the student of comparative ethics may often trace the story of a people's development simply by observing the varying degrees of importance which from time to time have been attached to different virtues. The moral qualities fitted to a rude time are found gradually giving way in public esteem to others more suitable to the needs of a more complex and highly organized civilization. It is not that a virtue ceases to be held a virtue, but only that its place in the moral scale comes to be changed. Thus among the progressive peoples, the militant type of virtue is giving way before the industrial, and the heroic is everywhere being replaced by the amiable.

But this general truth that men will prize the most the qualities best fitted to the condition of development reached by the community, seems subject to one singular exception. It is easy to see why in a primitive society, when each man strikes with his own hand and every man's hand is against his neighbour, courage should be the quality exciting universal admiration. Among a barbarous or backward people, when the cowardice of an individual may mean danger or destruction to the tribe, want of courage is naturally visited with the extremes of contempt and scorn. For a people still in the hunting stage the bravery of its members may easily be the condition of its continued existence, and so courage comes to be the thing every woman must specially wish for in the man-child that is born to her. And within the tribe the man who stood above his fellows in militant courage would win, not only honour, but the first share of the spoils. We easily see therefore how it is that, in a lawless and primitive society, such

virtues as justice and truth and honesty, and others of the industrial type, come to be cast into the shadow by this great attribute, upon which public safety and public welfare depend.

There is little room for wonder then that for both the Hellenes and the Romans courage and virtue were convertible terms. Each people had a word which, in one of its meanings, signified the fulness of virtue, and in another the special qualities of manliness and fortitude. This is only what we should antecedently have expected from people so conditioned; but the strange thing is, that in these days, in the civilized lands, and among the most highly organized people, men still set store by courage as they set store by nothing else. Among our own countrymen—in the England of to-day—the man who is careless of conduct, and perhaps secretly glad to be thought to have broken half the commandments of the Decalogue, yet shrinks from the charge of cowardice as from a wound. Courage is the one thing no man would willingly confess to being without; while women, of whom it is not required, and in whom a little graceful timidity is even thought of as an added charm, yet find this last quality in a man the one sin which is not to be forgiven. It may be safely said that in a woman's code there are few weaknesses and no crimes which stand so hopelessly outside the pale of pardon as masculine cowardice. But curious as is the stress still laid upon this quality, the social worth of which has been so much diminished by civilization, there is one thing still more curious, and that is the wild haphazard way in which reputations for it are made and unmade. There is no subject upon which people pass such ready, facile, and often merciless judgments. But though this word is on every one's lips, and each of us feels competent to talk of it, and to measure out praise and blame in relation to it, there is no moral quality so difficult to judge rightly of, or of which in single instances the ethical value is so profoundly doubtful.

The extreme looseness and confusion of thought which exists in this matter may be realized in part, if we will think what sort of ground there is for those familiar distinctions between physical and moral courage. And it is the more needful that we should test the reality of these distinctions, because they are largely answerable for the exaggerated value we attach to this quality. We have taken what we choose to call moral courage, and associated it with heroes and martyrs, and all manner of nobleness, and then, forgetting our own distinctions, have come to the conclusion that pluck is the beginning and end of virtue. The distinction is essentially a popular one—a distinction of the market-place, and not of the lecture-hall—and universally accepted. In common speech we habitually take it for granted that there are two generically different kinds of courage, the one typical of the martyr and the other of the bull-dog, while the immense superiority of moral courage is too well recognized to be greatly insisted on. If, however, we go farther, and inquire in what the difference between physical and moral courage consists, we are at once landed in confusion and contradiction.

If we turn to a recent authority on the subject—"The Science of Ethics," by Mr. Leslie Stephen—we find a definition of moral courage which is clear and intelligible, but which has just this disadvantage, that it would probably be promptly rejected by nine-tenths of those who use the term. "By moral courage," we read, "we must understand, not simply insensibility to danger, which is consistent with idiocy, but a power, as we say, of 'keeping our heads,' or, in other words, of reasoning as deliberately and acting as coolly under danger as when there is no danger." Mr. Stephen further goes on to contrast, as examples respectively of moral and physical courage, the general commanding under stress of great danger and heavy responsibility, and the soldier who walks up to a battery. No doubt there is a most marked

difference between the sort of impulsive, tumultuous feeling which may urge a private soldier to the charge, and the courage displayed by a general who quietly matures his plans under fire ; and if we choose to call one an example of physical, the other of moral courage, perhaps no great harm is done. Only let us, in the first place, at once get rid of the notion about the vast superiority of moral courage. The burglar who, with all his tools around him and in momentary danger of detection, has worked on quietly with his jemmy, as he wipes his brow over his completed task may then feel a glow of virtuous satisfaction ; for has he not given a splendid exhibition of moral courage ? In the same way the fraudulent clerk, who escapes detection by quietly shuffling up the accounts under the very nose of the auditor, may pride himself upon being a man of "rare moral courage." If moral courage be only coolness in danger, it is not easy to see how in what possible way it can have ethical value. It is useful to its possessor, but only as cunning and strength are useful, and, like them, it may be turned to good account or bad ; it is morally colourless, or, if we may use the word, unmoral. In any case, we must give up talking of moral courage being superior to physical courage : it may be more rare, or it may be more common ; it may be more useful or less, but better it cannot be.

But, as we have seen, this distinction is essentially a popular one, and we may safely say that the general notion of moral courage in no way whatever corresponds to the description which Mr. Leslie Stephen has given of it. The phrase suggests the case of a man incurring ridicule for conscience' sake, rather than a general thinking on the field of battle. The school-boy kneeling down to say his night-prayers in spite of the jeers of his comrades, is just as much the stock instance of moral courage as the soldier rushing to the charge is the favourite example of physical courage. Now what is there which

differences the conduct of the pious school-boy from that of the soldier? Each braves an unpleasant consequence, and the differentiative quality of the conduct of each must be looked for either in the nature of the unpleasant consequence faced or else in the motive for which it is faced. It can hardly be in the motive, because the same motive which helps a man to-day to put up with ridicule for conscience' sake might to-morrow send him out a soldier in a religious war. The lad who, for the sake of example to younger boys, would kneel down by his bedside to say his night-prayers, might before they were half over, on hearing an obscene jest, spring up, punch somebody else's head with vigour and virtue, also for the sake of good example. Precisely the same motive which has led men to let themselves be laughed at for the sake of what their souls have seen to be good, has a thousand times prompted deeds of headlong heroism in the field. The motive, then, for which the unpleasant consequence is faced will not help us to the distinction we are looking for, so we must take the only alternative left to us, and seek it in the nature of that consequence. It may be suggested that when bodily harm is faced the courage is physical, and that courage is moral when the pains faced are the frowns of men. But putting aside the difficulty there might be if the frowns suddenly came accompanied by brickbats, we see at once that this distinction does manifest violence to popular usage; for where is the man who has not heard of the moral courage of the martyr?—and yet the sufferings of the martyr are physical. All the world over the martyr is taken as a type of moral courage, and it is easy to see why it should be so. We picture to ourselves, and shudder as we picture, some man of nervous, highly strung temperament, sensitive and shrinking from pain, with a body perhaps finely organized for suffering, yet deliberately going to the stake, and there choosing agony rather than unfaithfulness and betrayal. If that courage is

physical, what becomes of the superiority of moral courage? But, schooled as we are into the belief that moral courage is the better thing, and unwilling to put such nobleness into the same category with the stuff that is hired for a shilling a day, we leap to the conclusion that the martyr's courage must be of the kind called moral. The suffering was physical, but he was led up to that suffering by the urgent pressure of moral considerations, and his natural physical shrinking was overcome in obedience to a moral claim. So we are driven back into seeking for the essence of moral courage in the sphere of motive, and there we have seen it cannot be.

Again, according to the ways of common speech, it is possible to have an exhibition of physical courage when the unpleasant consequence faced is only moral. Thus, when a small boy plays his part with confidence and self-possession upon the speech-day of public school, we think of the quality displayed as physical courage. We might speak of him as "a plucky little fellow," but certainly it would never occur to us to say that he had exhibited rare moral courage. We see therefore that neither the consequence faced, nor the motive for which it is faced, helps to an understanding of this distinction between moral and physical courage. We have seen that the same motive may lead to the display of what under one set of conditions is called moral courage, and under another set of conditions is called physical courage. Common speech, which really in testing the validity of a popular distinction is the only criterion we have to go by, affirms that there may be moral courage in facing physical pain, and physical courage in facing moral suffering. Clearly, if we will, we may set up arbitrary distinctions for ourselves, and so decide the matter with much neatness; as, for instance, under Mr. Leslie Stephen's definition, the courage of the martyr who looked steadily into the eyes of death would be judged to be moral, for the not quite satisfactory reason that he "kept his head" under the

torment. But the needful thing is to see what men mean by moral courage, not what an eminent individual thinks they ought to mean.

Putting aside these vain distinctions, we may ask ourselves what is courage? Without being rash enough to attempt a definition, we may describe it as a willingness to accept or risk unpleasant consequence for the sake of some proportionate object of desire. It seems needful to bring in the word proportionate, because any wide disparity between the risk and the object sought would be fatal to courage. Thus the bearer of tidings of life and death needs no courage to make him face the chance of being caught in a shower, while the man who risks his life for the gratification of a whim is counted a fool.

And here we are struck by the extreme difficulty there is in deciding whether upon any given occasion there has been an exhibition of what can fairly be called courage. This difficulty, which almost passes into an impossibility, is the more to be insisted on because of the facile way with which, in the indifferent speech of every day, we talk of conduct as brave or dastardly. Our rash hasty judgments are built wholly upon the sort of unpleasantness faced, and not upon the essential thing, the individual's estimate of that unpleasantness. A very short visit at any country-house in the shires might serve perhaps to show us the loose sort of way in which in one department, at least, reputations for courage are made and unmade. Some guest is spoken of as a mighty Nimrod and a bold rider, while another perhaps is alluded to as "poor so-and-so," whose "nerves are not so good." And the curious thing is that it is not the skill of Nimrod which excites admiration and a rude reverence, but his exceptional boldness. No one is found to question the inference that because Nimrod rides straight, while "poor so-and-so" is fond of finding an open gate, Nimrod has so far shown himself the more courageous man. Women especially adopt that conclusion with characteristic

confidence, so that, on the whole, "poor so-and-so" is likely to have a bad time of it ; unless indeed he be a "funny man," or "one of those musical fellows," when of course courage is not expected of him. And yet upon what slender foundations do these conclusions rest. Nimrod puts his horse at a fence fearlessly and without hesitation, not because he is regardless of danger, but because he thinks there is none—not because he is reckless of a fall, but because he knows he won't fall. Long familiarity has convinced him that he can generally take a fence with impunity, and therefore there is no reason why he shouldn't take it, and by direct consequence no display of courage if he does take it. Nimrod is a skilful man, and may be a brave one, only his readiness to put his horse at a five-barred gate is primary proof, not of his courage, but of his skill. We have seen that the essence of courage is the facing of unpleasant consequence, and when Nimrod goes for the gate he doesn't anticipate any unpleasant consequence at all. On the other hand, "poor so-and-so," either from lack of experience, or because he has failed to realize the teaching of experience, still believes in the likelihood of his falling. If, therefore, he tries to take a fence, however clumsily, he is wilfully facing unpleasant consequence, and in so far has shown himself a braver man than Nimrod. We have not the least wish to disparage Nimrod, or to deny him the credit due to what may be a solitary virtue, only let him not be a hero at the expense of "poor so-and-so," whose "nerves are not so good."

The confusion of thought which results in the easy judgments we are condemning may be, perhaps, thrown into clearer relief if instead of the gentleman foxhunter we take the closely analogous case of the professional tight-rope dancer. It would probably not occur to any one to suggest that because Blondin had delighted a crowd at the Crystal Palace by walking over a rope stretched at the height of fifty feet, he was

on that account a braver man than our friend Nimrod, who would be unwilling to risk his person at the height of five feet. It would be seen by all that whereas Blondin would start with the notion that he was not going to fall, Nimrod would set out with a well-founded confidence in his own inability to keep his balance. The one would be consciously facing guineas and the other bruises as the consequence of his act, and if Nimrod persevered, whether he met success or failure, his title to courage would so far be made out.

Nor must this example be considered in any way grotesque, for we imagine that Nimrod, even while standing on the tight-rope, would only faintly realize what might probably be the sensations of, say, a musician upon horseback. This failure to remember that what seems safe to one man may present itself as dangerous to another, is at the bottom of many very false confident judgments. Thus when, some years ago, Mr. Bright, in that hard sneering way of his, had spoken lightly of the professional "courage which can be hired for a shilling a day," he was rebuked by Colonel Burnaby, who afterwards delighted a large audience by relating, if we remember aright, how he had seen Mr. Bright standing by the side of a street in a state of visible terror, and then quickly scuttling across in a way that was neither dignified nor graceful, although no cab was near. And what seemed to a gallant and athletic colonel only undignified scuttling, was perhaps courageous, and certainly was so if Mr. Bright, no longer active and with dimmed eyesight, was consciously facing what presented itself as peril.

In the many twisted conditions of life, on the other hand, it often happens that what we take most confidently for courage is only the gratification of egotistic desire. The little Dissenting minister, who in all the other relations of life is shy and timid and retiring, and yet, when the honour of his little sect is concerned, shows himself its intrepid defender, is thought of as a moral hero. Yet it may be that the frowns he faces

in that connection have long ago ceased to be terrible. It may be that every hostile word calls up only a sort of "monstrous spiritual chuckling" over the thought that a good time is coming—a time when the tables will be turned, and when his spiritual adversaries will be laid low. Then every word of abuse may be musical to him—seeming the foretaste of his triumph—and with the strength of that inward assurance he is only glad of the conflict which enables him to settle satisfactorily beforehand the probable future whereabouts of neighbours. The little minister needs no courage to face the jeers and the taunts which only remind of the time when the scoffers shall be at his feet.

This element of the personal belief in the reality or the nearness of the danger of unpleasant consequence faced, goes so far to the root of the matter and is so commonly overlooked that we make no apology for offering yet another illustration of the importance of it. We may take it that the belief in ghosts and the fear of them is world-wide, and in varying degrees common to all civilizations. Individuals may outgrow the folly and laugh it aside, but there are few who will not recognize it at least as among the saddest of the shadows of child-life. Among grown men the belief is commonly scouted, but there are times in the lives of most of us when under certain conditions this strange, unnatural, and, may we not add? inhuman fear of the dead, may come back upon us. The associations of years are not so easily got rid of, and there are moments when the old memories assert themselves and involuntarily we seem to acknowledge the dread we scorn. This is largely a matter of temperament and training, and naturally is more often found among men with religious minds who busy themselves much with the spirit world and the hereafter, than among those for whom the supernatural has always been something remote and apart, distinct from the serious business of life. But though this fear of ghosts may be a mark of a superstitious mind, it is not to be associated with

cowardice any more than with courage, for it is just as likely to lead to an exhibition of the one quality as the other. The belief may be a mistake, and that is all we can say about it. Certainly a readiness to pass through the haunted churchyard or to sleep in the ghost-tenanted room is proof of anything rather than courage. One man armed with a deep-seated disbelief in the existence of the supernatural order, is willing to pass a night in the haunted chamber—in other words, is ready to face a danger in the reality of which he has no belief. Until that disbelief is shaken, clearly there can be no proof of his courage at least in this connection. He is in the position of Nimrod, and like him wins a cheap reputation by doing what he thinks is perfectly safe.

To show how little likelihood there is that we shall ever succeed in finding that rough-and-ready gauge for courage which alone could justify our present easy judgments, we will now take circumstances under which men would commonly affirm there had been an exhibition of moral courage or moral cowardice. Two young men, let us suppose, are seated at a public dinner, and a dinner at which that survival of manners and faith "grace before meals" is still tolerated. Each while the parson is blessing the food is acutely conscious that he is a Catholic and so differenced from the rest of the company, and each at the same time is mindful of the Catholic custom of making the sign of the cross at the end of the grace. In the presence of that mixed assembly the one fearful of ridicule hesitates, and then finally omits that witnessing to his faith, while the other crosses himself as usual and with much devotion. A co-religionist, or an Anglican familiar with Catholic ways, notes the conduct of the two youths and goes away mentally settling that the one was a coward, and the other a straightforward young man, likely to be a credit to his friends. But here again the judgment formed is certainly rash and probably futile. No safe opinion could be formed without know-

ledge of things which are not upon the surface. Suppose the one young man to have been of a bold aggressive temperament, intellectually combative, self-asserting, always ready to accentuate the fact that he was a Catholic, or anything else which differenced him from others—and what becomes of his courage? Such a man might indeed be brave—only we have no evidence of it. For him there was no dreaded sense of shame or fear of ridicule to be overcome before he made the sign of the cross, and, as there was no temptation to do otherwise, no courage required to make it. Nor in any fairness can we say that this man who faced no unpleasant consequence was a braver man than his companion, who failed to make the sign of the cross because he was ashamed of being known as a Catholic. In his case it is true there was cowardice—the temptation was there and the man yielded; but it is clearly quite gratuitous to assume that if the other man had also been tempted he would have behaved any better. So that we come to this conclusion—one man was tempted and fell, the other man was not tempted and did not fall—no comparison is possible.

So far we have dwelt exclusively upon one cause vitiating our judgments about courage, absence of knowledge as to the individual estimate of the unpleasantness faced. And our judgments, as we have seen, may in this way be wrong, either because the individual disbelieves in the unpleasantness he fronts, or because, owing to personal idiosyncrasies, the consequence is really to him not unpleasant. The materialist who sits up for the ghost he firmly believes won't come, may afford occasion for the first form of error; just as the youth who parades unpopular opinions from sheer love of singularity, gives opportunity to the other. Neither is brave, and for this reason, that he is fearless. Or must we say that the youth who made the sign of the cross was a brave youth precisely because he was not tempted, because he was fearless without dread, and so had no unpleasantness to face? He was glad, we have seen, to

do anything which might difference him from others, which might lead to discussion, and so give him an opportunity for displaying his surprising cleverness. That might make him fearless, but not brave, and fearlessness is the negation of courage. The identification of mere absence of fear with courage is not only false and degrading, but would lead us into very inconvenient conclusions. When a nursery is undergoing a treatment of brimstone and treacle, and one boy is found to swallow the wholesome mixture with much greediness, while all his companions make faces and other infantine protests, it does not occur to us to think that the boy who takes the brimstone greedily because he likes it, is therefore a very brave boy. Yet his position is exactly that of the youth who made the sign of the cross. Each faced a consequence which, personally, he thought nice. The fact that other people might think those same consequences the reverse of nice, clearly had no bearing upon the conduct of either.

This notion that fearlessness is very much the same thing as courage, radically wrong as it is, has found a very general acceptance, and in more than one way has left traces upon the language. It is tolerably obvious that under the conditions of modern war a clever, educated man, accustomed to think and with an eye for consequences, may be subjected to temptations from which his comrade, whose mental vision is confined to the length of his gun-barrel, is happily free. The quick apprehensive mind sees the danger, and realizes the meaning of it while it is still at a distance. The intelligent soldier is unhappily quick to see that his own commander has been outgeneraled, that the position he has taken up is strategically bad, and then there is the temptation to shirk the risk which he feels to be vain. Now in our daily speech we seem to confound this mental quickness which involves temptation with the cowardice which is the yielding to it. Thus the "apprehensive" man is the timid man, and the word "apprehension,"

which means knowledge, has for its secondary meaning dread or fear. Now the thought that underlies that use of the word apprehensive we take to be wrong, and wrong from the beginning, confounding as it does courage with blindness to the danger, and so making it indistinguishable from mental narrowness. The more completely the mind is apprehensive of peril the more room there is for the display of true courage. Indeed, unless the mind is completely apprehensive of the unpleasant consequence faced, there can by no possibility be courage at all. There is a well-worn story which tells us how an officer a few hours before an engagement was seen to go about pale and trembling, and so was sneered at by a comrade for being in a "blue funk." "Yes," was the answer, "and the difference between us is this, that if you were in a blue funk you would bolt." It is only a seeming paradox to say that unless a man is in a "blue funk," that is, realizes and dreads the consequence he is going to face, he cannot upon that occasion exhibit the quality of courage. If he is not in a "blue funk" he is fearless, and fearlessness, so far from being identical with courage, is absolutely incompatible with it. For if we take the only other alternative, and say that a man is courageous precisely because he is not apprehensive, but is dull and sluggish, and so incapable of any vivid imaginative realization of danger, we may cease to care for courage altogether, and come to think of it as a quality without ethical value, made possible by the absence of things more precious.

This degrading identification of courage with fearlessness makes it equivalent to security, using that word in its classical and Shakespearean sense. The ghost in "Hamlet" tells how the murderer stole upon his secure hour, yet no one thinks the dead man was specially brave or in any way better because he had his secure hour—rather, on the contrary, if he had not been so fearless and confiding he might have held his realm. For fearlessness is reasonable or simply stupid according to cir-

cumstances—reasonable if there is nothing to fear, and stupid if there is. Even when we are most confident that there has been the brave self-risking deed, and circumstances seem to preclude the possibility that the individual's want of appreciation of the danger may have made our judgment wrong, the conduct we praise may have been only base. There is no criterion we can apply, and the effort to find one is idle. The motives which induce soldiers, let us say, to stand firm under fire are probably not quite the same in any two instances. But among the motives which help men to get the better of the selfish instinct prompting them to seek individual safety in flight, probably the most powerful is the sense of shame, the fear of what their comrades or those at home may think of them. Indeed, the recognized object of all military discipline is to strengthen this feeling and make it as effective as possible. So it may easily be that during an engagement one soldier, independent, self-reliant, and not given to attaching much importance to the opinions of his fellows, runs away with considerable discretion, while his comrade who is in a state of abject terror stands his ground like a hero, simply paralyzed by the fear of what others would say were he to follow the impulse of his heart and scuttle. And so the brutal epigram comes true that a man may be too much afraid to be a coward. Even when the outward conduct of two men is the same and risk is the same, and if we could be rightly confident, as we never can be, that each realized the danger in exactly the same degree, the courage required of each might still be widely and utterly different. The relation between the danger and the object for which it is risked, or rather the individual estimate of that relation, has still to be taken into account. It needs no words to point out that this consideration has a most intimate and important bearing on the question. A willingness to risk a few scratches or a wet skin to rescue another from a serious danger would not in itself argue great courage, and the same remark may apply to the running of even

greater risks for the saving of human life. Here the object to be gained is so wholly out of proportion to the pain or the unpleasantness risked, that only exceptional selfishness could make a man hesitate. It is when the danger and the good to be won are more nearly balanced that the true courage comes out. Thus a man who without a thought would risk his own life to save his friend's, might prefer his own safety to saving the life of a stranger. The one act would be only the recognition of an instant claim and what any one would hope to be capable of in the hour of trial; the other would amount to heroism, and is reserved for those whose moral fibre is of the rarest. In the same way comparatively little courage is needed to face death in the battle-field in defence of a post which all men recognize as the key to the position. The good to be won by standing firm is so great that it almost dwarfs the personal risk. The thought that the cause of all the Motherland was depending upon his firmness might help the poorest creature to stand his ground. It is when death means no clear-seen good that it is difficult to die. There is then that fine adjustment between the good and the risk which calls for heroism. We may suppose that our two soldiers are waiting for the storming party, quietly and firmly ready to do their duty without much noise, and each realizing the danger in the same degree. One, however, has his mind filled with the single thought that he must be true to his trust and defend with his life the position which he makes no doubt is essential to the safety of the whole army. Silent and selfless that man may do his work duteously and bravely, and yet not need a tithe of the courage displayed by his companion. That other perhaps is quick, keen, apprehensive, with a ready eye for military combinations, and he believes that the enemy's triumph is sure whether his own post be taken at once or not. He has convinced himself that the assault which he and his comrades are told off to repel, will mean but the waste of lives, and have absolutely no effect upon the final issue of the struggle.

The thought therefore that made the difficult duty easy for his companion is quite absent from his own mind. Still it is not for him to reason, and he may be mistaken, and there are the duties of obedience, and so he goes out to front the peril, and if need be to die ; not because he is going to save an army, but because he cares for faithfulness. The truest heroism is when suffering is faced for a good that is seen but dimly.

In this way, too, it would seem that the martyr's ecstasy of hope must be allowed to detract somewhat from his courage. To the eye of a vivid and effective faith the prospect of the pain of a moment may be lost in the sureness and eternity of the reward. The sacredness of the sufferings of the martyrs, and the moral grandeur of many of them, has disguised from us the fact that the true source of their strength lay elsewhere than in their courage. If we, however, turn to the case of those who have died under the impulse of other faiths than Christianity, the judgment at once rights itself. Thus when we hear of men in Mohammedan lands—as quite lately in the Soudan—under the impulse of religion almost seeking death out upon the battle-field, we think not of their extraordinary courage, only of their “fanaticism.” Special correspondents describe how the tribesmen go into the fight full of the belief that they are doing the work of the Prophet and that an open paradise awaits the slain, and the unspoken conclusion is that such men can face death without the need for courage. Indeed, given that unquestioning and imaginative faith, and no special bravery is called for. The fulness of the faith, and not the courage, is the wonder. This then is another and a chief source of error, spoiling and making idle our judgments about courage. The individual estimate of the result to be won by the facing of the particular peril or unpleasantness may be such as almost to make us unconscious of what we risk. Whatever the object of desire, whether it be gain or glory, or place or power, or only the smile on the lips that we care for, it may seem

at the time of transcendent importance and so dispense with the room for courage.

Again, how can we form the roughest judgment of men's courage without knowing their estimate of the value of the life they risk? Life seems to mean so much for some and so little for others. But we have to take into our reckoning not only the answers men would give to the question is life worth living, we must also take into consideration their estimate of the meaning of death. The Homeric notion that Hades was a sort of dull world, where the heroes had a slow time of it, made death unpleasant but not terrible. The coming of Christ has changed all that, and in Mr. Lecky's words "it is Christianity that crowned death the king of terrors." For the believer death is not merely the privation of life, but the moment when the most solemn of all possible issues is decided and the beginning for the departing soul of heaven or hell. The modern materialist who is satisfied that the grave is the ending of it all and that death is only the dreamless sleep which knows no waking, may risk his life with a recklessness which is not possible to the man who is persuaded that if he die within the hour his soul may be among the lost. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt in one of the early chapters of that curious volume "*Proteus and Amadeus*" tells us that for a whole winter through he was afraid to ride across country lest he should break his neck while in a state of mortal sin. Yet no one would say that that abstinence from a favourite pursuit was due to cowardice. Given the belief that a bad fall would mean the damning of a soul, and hunting becomes a pastime for the insane.

But though it is so difficult to tell which man is the hero and which the craven, and though the conditions which determine whether a man be the one or the other, are for the most part not to be scanned, it remains that courage is the one thing which all men rightly prize. That quality has its own indestructible value—a value which no critical analysis can touch.

All we have striven for in these pages has been to bring our readers to remember that this quality is not a simple one to be judged of decisively, hastily and mercilessly, but rather is dependent on things that lie hidden away and forming part of the riddle of things—the complexities and entanglements of life. Whether conduct is brave or dastardly depends upon conditions of which we can never be sure, and which, if we are wise, we shall refrain even from guessing at. What each of us can do, however, is to make ready for the hour of trial, by laying to heart and acting out—and so taking a pledge beforehand against his own weakness—this truth, told in the world-famous words of George Eliot :—“It is an inexorable law of human souls that men fit themselves for sudden deeds by that repeated choice of good and evil which slowly determines character.”

JOHN GEORGE COX.

Blind in the Woods.

THROUGH all the scented days of Spring
I hear the larks and thrushes sing ;
I smell the flowers upon the breeze ;
I hear in silent dewy night
The streamlet falling from the height ;
I breathe the balsam of the trees.

And in the costly Summer prime,
Luxurious Nature's banquet-time,
I feast beside some lapping stream,
On mellow odours of the lea,
To choral woodland minstrelsy,
And see the landscape in a dream.

But when the birds are dumb with grief
At falling of the Autumn leaf,
And trees, like new-made widows, stand
Disrobing in the mute moist woods,
And silence o'er the valley broods ;
Oh ! lead me by the helpless hand

Beneath a gothic concave roof
Of forest trees, and there aloof
From noisy murmurs of the town,
That ever mind me of my loss,
Set me upon a bed of moss,
And leave me till the sun is down.

The leaves fall slowly one by one,
As colours from mine eyes have gone,
Until the gnarled boughs are bare :
At first I could not see my book,
And now I know not where to look
For sunlight in the mid-day glare.

But in obscure intricate veins
Of trees a subtle power remains
That, cherished by another sun,
Will draw green juices from the mould
To conjure with, till all the wold
Is fair as when the Spring begun.

And in my bent and withered frame
A spirit lurks, a subtle flame,
That, cherished by a saving ray,
Will once more fill mine eyes with sight,
And in the undecaying light
Give me to see eternal day !

RICHARD DOWLING.

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THE WISH TO BELIEVE—(continued).

this *ex hypothesi* not because the evidence is bad, but because his own moral nature is defective."—*Saturday Review*.

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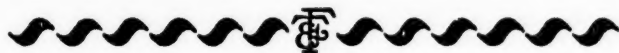
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